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Anna B. Boone

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THE  
INCREASE OF CRIME,  
AND  
ITS CAUSE.

WITH A FEW SOLID QUESTIONS.

By ANNA B. BOONE.

AND A SKETCH OF HER ANTECEDENTS.

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BOSTON :  
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TO MRS. E. OAKES SMITH,

THE AUTHORESS.

DEAR MADAM :

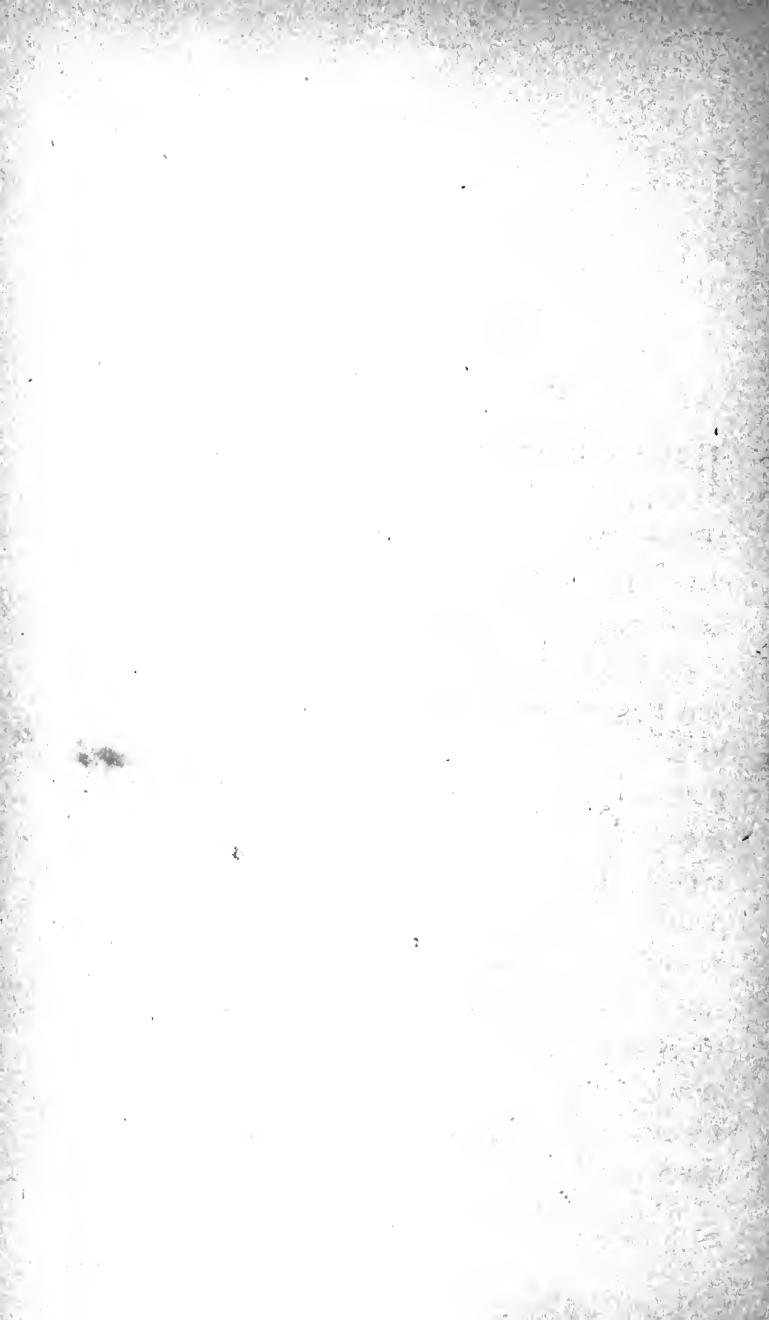
Years ago I read some of your exquisite productions with infinite delight ; and subsequently I have had the pleasure of conversing with you, which confirmed the opinion I had entertained of your intellectual and moral worth. And permit me to add, that I know not another woman who has with more dignity and honor filled the positions assigned by God to our sex — Woman, Wife, and Mother — than yourself !

And that this humble offering may prove acceptable to you is the earnest desire of

Yours faithfully,

ANNA B. BOONE.

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## PREFACE.

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READER, there are thousands of mankind who have no idea what the *many* suffer to *live*, or rather to eke out an existence, no more than those enjoying fine health and affluence know they must suffer to die.

As I intend returning to England speedily, and it is scarcely probable that I shall come back to this country again, I wish to set the public right on more than one subject. Many persons have informed me, that it was currently reported and believed, that, when the gas accident happened to myself and children, I received a large sum of money. As this statement was *false*, and many others, I have determined to give a graphic account of the whole affair; which ought to be a warning to all people of the evil effects of COAL gas, *police* gas, and *women's* gas.

I have passed many happy years in America, intermingled with much vicissitude and tribulation. I have had six children born in this country, and my others came here when comparative babies. My husband was naturalized, and lost his life in the late war. Two of the most sympathizing and loving friends that I ever had were American women,—one moving in the highest classes of society, and the other in a more humble sphere of life; but *both* were just such women as I believe God meant *us all* to be. A great writer, whose name I forget, said, if a man meets with *one real* friend as he passes through life, he may think himself fortunate; or words tantamount. So I ought to feel doubly blessed; and I *do*. With many such reminiscences, it is scarcely to be wondered at that I leave America with affectionate regret. When we first came to this country, I remember a man saying to Mr. Boone, “I guess you thought to pick gold up in the road, when you came here; but you’ll have to go through the ‘*mill*,’ like the rest of us.”

Reader, I have been through the “*mill*” twenty times or more, and it has not ground me

up yet. But, had it not been for the resignation to bear bravely what trials might assail us, and the determination to make the best of what was unavoidable, I certainly should have been mingled with the mother earth long ago.

Some persons are apt to think, when men or women give their ideas and experience, that they are egotists. If this be the case, then everybody should cease to write at all; for all authors are supposed to give their own opinions (although we occasionally find out that they *borrow* a few), even when the hero or moral of the tale is a fictitious one. Yet I suppose, to some extent, humanity is inclined to be egotistical. Still I do not think this appellation should be applied to men and women whom God may have chosen to pass through ordeals of a strange and critical nature, and, by being brought forth to the public, may prove interesting and instructive, and beneficial results generate therefrom. Of course, in my peculiar position, I had seen more of the *world* and its *inmates* ten years ago, than the generality of women double my age. So I wish to give *my* ideas on the "Increase of Crime," and its cause. In this age of

knowledge ; in this age of refinement ; in this age of literature ; in this age when we can scarcely pass two streets without beholding a church, which is a building *supposed* to be a sacred place, where men and women congregate together and return thanks to God for his mercies to them, and offer up prayers, beseeching to be directed into the “*narrow path*” that guides them up to glory and to God, — still, the “increase of crime” is conspicuously evident. So, at a venture, I state some *facts*, and ask a few “solid questions” of the *thinking* public.

Faithfully,

ANNA B. BOONE

# CONTENTS.

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## CHAPTER I.

Contains a Sketch of my Antecedents, and gives *Reasons* why I ever came before the Public. Still, cannot but think that Home is Woman's Proper Sphere . . . . .

## CHAPTER II.

With Two Solid Questions: First, Are we to have Children, or not? With Comments on the Rev. Dr. Todd's Lecture on this Subject, entitled, "Fashionable Murders." Second Question: Where are we to put Children when we get them? For every notice, when Apartments are to let, is most emphatic, "No Children taken." One Cause of the Increase of Crime . . . . .

## CHAPTER III.

Shows the Evil Effect of Coal Gas, Police Gas, and Woman's Gas, with Two Solid Questions: First, Is it not the Love of Fame, in Ninety-nine cases out of a Hundred, that induces Women to ask for Men's Rights? Second Question: Ought we not to cultivate Health, and make this Subject one of the Chief Branches of Education in the Public Schools?—which would prove a Sure Step towards decreasing Crime . . . . .

## CHAPTER IV.

Contains a Few More Ideas of the Power that True Women possess to disseminate Good without asking for *Men's* Rights; and *One Solid* Question: Did God mean Man and Woman to follow the same Vocation, or to be co-equal? No. My Reason for it . . . .

## CHAPTER V.

**A Long One.** Asks another Solid Question: Are Women True Friends to each other? No; not as a Body,—decidedly not. Another Cause for the Increase of Crime, with a Description of my Hospital Friends, and Three Butterflies with the Shape and Sting of a Wasp, and *meant for Women* . . . . .

## CHAPTER VI.

**Is another Long One,** with My Three Last Solid Questions,—Is Dress or Worth to be respected? Are we not to honor the Respectable Poor? Yes. But do we? No. *Another Cause* for the *Increase of Crime*. Are all Men equal? No. The very Dogs teach us this; so do the Divisions of the Earth,—the *Hills* and the *Dales*, the *Mountains* and the *Valleys*, the *Richness* of One Soil and the *Barrenness* of another; all these Natural Distinctions are *living* Proofs that *Equality does not* exist, and *never will here*. Equality by *Dress* only is dangerous, and another *Cause* of the Increase of Crime . . . . .

## CHAPTER VII.

**Is Longer still.** Gives Further Evidence of the Great Attention that is paid to the *Outer* Man, instead of the *Inner* Man, and the Evil Results therefrom; with Several Episodes appertaining to this Subject. The Conclusion . . . . .

**NOTE.**—At the end of this work there will be Eight Short Lectures and Articles on Different Subjects,

By yours faithfully,

ANNA B. BOONE.

# THE INCREASE OF CRIME, AND ITS CAUSE.

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## CHAPTER I.

With a Brief Sketch of my Antecedents, and the *Reason* why I ever came before the Public ; as I do not think it Woman's *Proper Sphere*.

**R**EADER : previous to my solid questions, and previous to an explanatory statement I am about to lay before you with regard to the supposed poisoning case, that was so proved and conned over, and which I will by and by prove to you that scarcely an atom of the statement was correct, I wish to give you a short sketch of my antecedents, not from a mere matter of *boast*, to show you to whom I am related, but to demonstrate how persons born in the most refined classes of society are frequently tossed about this world by the wayward winds of Fate, just as vessels are upon the vacillating, tempestuous ocean.

I am not a “ woman’s-rights ” woman, that is, in the usual acceptation of the word ; and I openly protest against woman going out of her natural sphere. Persons knowing my ideas on this subject frequently

exclaim, "Mrs. Boone, how came you to let your daughters come before the public? Is not that kind of life out of woman's element? And why do you come? — *you* who insist that *home* is the most majestic kingdom for a woman to reign in." Reader, it is rather a hackneyed saying, nevertheless a true one, "Circumstances alter cases." When I was young and admired, I never went before the public; now, in the meridian of life, and a grandmother, I am compelled to do so: *it is my fate*.\* Presently I will tell you how I ever allowed my children to appear as public readers. Some hundreds of years ago, an *old* and *wealthy* family, by the name of De la Hooke, came from France and settled in England. After many years' residence in that country, they dropped the De la, simply retaining the name of Hooke. James Hooke, my great-grandfather, lived at Langdon Hall, Wembury, near Plymouth, England; and all the surrounding farmers rented their land of him. His eldest son, James, was married near Plymouth, on the 4th June, 1783, at Wembury Church, by Benjamin Love, to Ann Acland, one of the Devonshire Aclands. Every English person knows how highly this ancient family stands in society up to the present time. My grandmother had twelve children. I am not at this moment going to enter into any details, further than inform you that the whole family were considered to possess intellectual powers of

\* And I do not see the necessity of women asking Congress for the liberty to do just what suits them. Nobody interferes with me.



a high degree; and I am simply stating a *fact* when I inform you that Grace, my mother, was considered the most remarkable of all the children. Almost every pious person, both in England and America, has heard of Samuel Drew of St. Austell, Cornwall, England, who first distinguished himself by writing an essay on the "Immortality and Immateriality of the Soul," in answer to Tom Paine's "Age of Reason." My mother read this great work, and wrote a criticism on it, and sent it to him without her name. My mother's brother, at that time a lawyer practising in Plymouth, wrote to Mr. Drew, asking how his sister had obtained an introduction to him; he replied, "I received an anonymous letter, with some of the most original and powerful ideas on my 'work,' I imagined written by some 'sage.' I answered it, but, at the same time, informed the writer, that, unless he gave his true name, I would drop the correspondence. What was my astonishment," continued the great man, "to find the answer dated from St. Austell's Seminary, and the writer a young school-girl, your sister, Grace Hooke." My mother corresponded with Mr. Drew on theological matters from the beginning of 1809 to the latter end of 1812; and, I am sorry to say, out of the sixty letters I have only fourteen left. At his death, his son wrote, asking, as a great favor, for all his father's letters, as they were about to publish his life; promising to return them, which he did. And some of my mother's letters,

and Mr. Drew's answers, are in the large volume that was first published of his life. And I do feel proud that this great metaphysician, who was in constant correspondence with the illustrious Dr. Adam Clarke and many other men of note, wrote to my mother, "My dear young friend, your description of the poor old man who came trembling to your door was most beautiful. I felt as if I saw him standing before me." My mother's brother, that I have just referred to, married Augusta Dillon. Her brother and the old Earl of Roscommon contended for some years for the earldom; but the present earl's father gained the cause. Some years after, my uncle marrying, he determined on entering the ecclesiastical profession; and, although he had been educated at Oxford, he had to re-study at Cambridge; and he was not permitted by the bishop to accept a curacy until he resumed the *old* name that had been dropped for more than a hundred years: consequently, all of the family that remained unmarried did the same; and he is at *this time* the Rev. James De la Hooke, Rector of Trinity Church, Bridgewater, England; and his only daughter, Anna, married the eldest son of Bishop Otter, Bishop of Chichester, and brother to the present Lady Belper. Lord Belper was appointed at the head of the Queen's household during the Duke of Newcastle's visit to this country with the Prince of Wales. So you perceive that my cousin Anna, now living in Toronto, has known none of the

vicissitudes of Anna B. Boone. Capt. De la Hooke of the British Army, and Dr. James De la Hooke, near Toronto, are my other two cousins. My mother married Patrick George Boyle, a surgeon in the navy. He passed the Royal College of Surgeons as an assistant in 1810, and 1816 as a full surgeon: and was appointed in that capacity at the Stonehouse Naval Hospital, Plymouth; and on the 1st of August, 1826, he took his degree as a doctor of medicine at the Royal University, Edinburgh. My father was the son of Justice Boyle of Sligo, Ireland. He was not handsome, but distinguished in manners and appearance, proud to a fault, but generous and charitable to the poor. During his life, we lived stylishly; he and my mother mixing among the most refined classes of society in Scotland. Besides an extensive practice, my father had a liberal pension for life, for a periodical paralyzation of his hands, caused by the climate in the East Indies, where he was appointed by the British Government for some years. Added to this, he had his half-pay as a surgeon in the navy; but he lived up to every guinea of his income, and, at his death, we were reduced to almost indigent circumstances. To my mother, who had been nurtured in affluence, this unexpected event was a severe trial: still she bore it with dignity, and told us, when we children complained, to imagine how much worse off we would be if we were shipwrecked. And I was made to read

about "Robinson Crusoe," little dreaming, either *she* or *I*, how *my* life would yet resemble a shipwrecked mariner's. For three years we lived in a very isolated, romantic place called "Bovisand Point," near Plymouth, belonging to my two maiden aunts, Anna and Sarah De la Hooke; and I believe that I owe, in a great measure, my fine health at the present moment to the pure air and the almost unlimited exercise I was allowed to take while living there. Plymouth Sound was in the front of our house; the breakwater and Eddystone lighthouse were visible to the naked eye, with an immense expanse of water. Some years ago, Mrs. Dr. Cabble of Richmond, sister to Mrs. Gen. Scott, was anxious that I should write my life, which she thought was most remarkable. I was to dedicate it to her. But, on my return to this country, I was grieved to learn she had left this world. Some of my children likewise wish me to publish my life, which I intend doing on my return to London; and I am quite certain that all mothers will feel deeply interested when they peruse it. As I am the only woman in the whole family really poor, the only one that was *ever* before the public, and the only one with so large a family depending solely on the efforts of *one* woman, I must tell you the secret of this state of affairs. I married in opposition to my mother's wishes, and all my relations. Mr. Boone was what we English define a *poor* gentleman: had great expectations, which were

never realized, and no profession. At first, my mother was prepossessed in his favor, and quite willing that he should pay his addresses to me; but, when she found out that *his* mother's income went back into the Kirkpatrick family of "Haladal House" in Kent at her death, my mother was most opposed to our marriage; *arguing*, that, if a man at thirty-six had made no standing in this world by his talents and education, it was scarcely probable that he ever would. I wish to say a few words to you parents who may read this book. Should you not approve of your children's choice of a husband, make them as happy as you are capable of doing at *home*, and let the man continue his visits, and point out his defects. *Kindly* appeal to your child's reason, principles, and common sense; but never say, "You sha'n't have that man! and I dare him ever to enter my house!" particularly if the gentleman is twenty years older than your daughter; for a man of that age has more power over a girl than one nearer her *own* age: and, depend upon it, *have him* she *will* when she feels her youthful dignity insulted by making her a prisoner!

At this time we lived in Plymouth, and I was sent with a letter to my aunts at Bovisand. My mother, it seems, wrote, asking her sisters to detain me, and take a portion of my clothes away. This was the worst course they could have adopted for such a spirit as mine. At four o'clock, one morning, Mr. Boone came

after me in a boat. A servant sympathized with me, lent me a bonnet and shoes. I jumped out at the window, and went back with him to his mother's. I was instantly disguised as an old lady, and Mrs. Boone and I were booked for Exeter. Mr. B. followed at midnight on foot, walking forty-four miles in the rain. We were married immediately ; and, in seven years and two days, my sixth living child, but first American one, was ushered into this *world*. None of my relations, save my mother, ever took the slightest notice of me after my marriage ; and, just as my beloved parent had prognosticated, poverty came upon us, and staid with us for many a year.

Mr. Boone was a man of integrity, sober and educated, of an elegant appearance, but with no knowledge of business, and quite incapable of earning a livelihood for his family. Still he was a *brave man* ; and at the time the epidemic caused such devastation in Norfolk, Va., fourteen years ago, he went down of his own accord, and nursed the sick, when hundreds were *running away* as far as they could get ; and, in the late war, he volunteered his services, and lost his life for the Union ! He wrote some beautiful poems ; but they were never published. I have a few left, that I hope yet to print. When he was employed at Tariffville, Conn., by Mr. Thomson, he only received six dollars per week. We had a little money sent us occasionally from England ; but we could scarcely pay our way. This was terrible to bear. So I determined

to try a school ; and I did, and succeeded *well*. In a short time, I had sixty pupils, — men, women, and children. One day a lady called on me, and asked if I would read something at a small hall in the village, for the benefit of a poor man who had lost his arm by the machinery in the factory, and had three sick, motherless children. I had never been before the public ; but, under such heart-rending circumstances, I acquiesced, and earned sixty-nine dollars for the family. At the same time I brought out my second child, Lora Gordon, at the tender age of six years. She made quite a sensation by reading “ Portia’s Eulogium on Mercy : ” the ladies were affected to tears. And this was the first appearance of any of the Boone Family before the public. And I am proud that it was for an act of pure charity, and nothing more, although it led to much more eventually. At this time the factory “ burst up,” — that’s what the men called it ; and my school exploded at the same time, and hundreds were thrown out of employment, — my husband among the rest ; so we winged our way on to New York once more. And Mr. Charles White was the first to bring out my little girl. Lord Erskine was once asked how he could go into court and plead, with such a great orator as Lord Mansfield for his opponent. He replied, “ I thought I felt my little ones tugging at my gown for bread ; and I went.” Reader, I *have felt* my little ones tugging at my gown for bread *many* a time, which made me

introduce my children to the public as infant prodigies, and I went forth into the world as their protector, teacher, and manager, without one atom of knowledge appertaining to the path I had to tread in, — wandering and wading over land and water for the support of my family. A lady once asked me why I did not settle in one place. “I would like to,” I replied; “but it requires ‘capital,’ and I have *none*; and, as Eugene Sue describes, I hear a voice saying, ‘Onward, onward!’” It is the voice of my children. I say again, “*home*” is the right sphere for *woman*. One week before Grace was born, I travelled all night from Fayetteville, N.C., to Raleigh; and the thunder and the lightning was so severe that the trees were felled to the ground, and the carriage could not pass, and the driver had to make his way through a ploughed field. The carriage shook so terribly that I was compelled to get out and walk through *that storm*. Women, I thought if my mother could have seen me at that moment! but she never knew it.

Many years passed, and my oldest child, Anna Isabella, was married to John Burr, on the 5th of February, 1862, at the Register Office, Amptel Square, Hampstead Road, London. He is an artist quite celebrated. And, some years ago, the Rev. Dr. Guthrie predicted from his pulpit that Edinburgh would yet be proud of the Brothers Burr. And she is. His pictures have been copied in the “Illustrated London News,” “Harper’s,” and almost every paper of this style; and last



November, 1869, "The Art Journal" had a biographical sketch of "John Burr," showing, that, as early as *fourteen years* of age, he earned his own living by *painting portraits*. They had *three* copies of his pictures in this journal, and spoke in the highest possible manner of his genius. My sixth child, and fourth daughter, Charlotte Volante, was married October 6, 1862, at Trinity Church, Portland Road, Regent's Park, London, to Abram Bishop Smith, son of Nathan Smith of New York. His maternal grandfather was Senator Bishop the noted politician of New Haven. My second daughter was married, on the 18th of October in 1865, at Ampleel Square, Hampstead Road, to John Aylwin Bevan, surgeon in Guy's Hospital, London, and son of John Connel Delerue Bevan, broker, Bishopgate Street Within, London.

On hearing of the marriages of my children, one of my aristocratic relations wrote, asking me how it came I had settled my daughters so elegantly, when they were *poor, young, in public*, and the *press* said *beautiful*. I replied, I trained their naturally refined minds so carefully, that no low-bred man would be attracted by them. I watched over them as a miser does his gold; I guarded and guided them from helpless childhood up to glorious womanhood, and sent them forth into their husbands' homes as spotless as Oriental pearls! \*

\* All my daughters' marriages were of a most romantic nature: the particulars I shall recount in my Life. Charlotte was educated by her husband at a

I will now introduce a little episode that happened when I was between eleven and twelve years of age, which was symbolical of all my future life. When a child, I had the greatest horror of a needle and thread, and books of every kind were distasteful to me; but, of a poetical nature, the first thing I ever learned of my own accord was Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon." I thought it so melancholy and so touchingly beautiful, and I read it so often, that I quite astonished my mother by reciting it one evening at a party. My dislike to every kind of lesson grieved her sadly. I used to spend many hours daily on the beach, looking at the majestic rocks, and the shining, sparkling, silvery spray dashing against them in its luminous splendor, changing into so many different colors, and glittering like precious gems in the sunlight; wondering at every thing and knowing *nothing*. One morning, to avoid my lessons, I went forth earlier than usual to gather shells. After a while I fell asleep. How long I remained so I know not. When I awoke, I found my feet in the water. I stood up in a state of great bewilderment, and soon perceived that the path I had come down by was not visible; and I saw no means of escape! I knew

boarding-school; she wanting twenty-eight days of being fourteen the morning she became his wife. Any person doubting these statements can obtain a certificate by enclosing two shillings and sixpence, English, with date, to the places named. This last-mentioned alliance was *much against my will*, although I was present at the wedding. I will explain hereafter.

it would be quite useless to cry for help, as there was not even a habitation in sight. Suddenly I perceived a long, narrow rock, almost perpendicular, that jutted out from the cliff. I waded towards it; and, the nearer I approached, the more impossible it seemed for me to attempt to climb it. My case was desperate; and, if I did not act at once, I would be lost! Death was stretching out his arms to receive me in his embrace; so I made one bold effort, and mounted the rock. There was a deep, stagnant pool of black water on one side, and the sea was fast covering up the foot of the rock on the other side, which was scarcely an inch wider than my body; so I put my arms round it, and there I lay for some time, wondering what I should do. *Again* my feet were in the water; and I cried aloud to God to help me in my despair, and give me strength of mind and body. The sweat poured from my face, my hair seemed as if it stood straight up upon my head; but God heard and *answered* the little girl's prayer. All at once I perceived some green-looking stalks growing out of the side of the rock, where some earth had fallen from the cliff; and, in stretching out my hand to clutch at them, I found, that, in my *agony*, I still held the pretty shells *tightly clasped* in my right hand. A thought instantly seized me; and I said within myself, "If I throw away these shells, I can, with God's help, get to the top of this rock, and then I shall be safe on the land!" I threw them away; and, while doing so, I

thought, "These pretty things are like the vanities of the world: if we keep them in our hearts, as I did the shells in my hand, we cannot get higher than we are; but, by throwing them away, we will get higher and higher, and reach heaven at last." When, after nearly an hour's exertion, *inch* by *inch* I gained the cliff, and found myself once more safe on the ground, I fell upon my knees, and sobbed forth a prayer of humble gratitude to Him who had delivered me out of the *jaws* of *death*; which I can never forget while I retain my senses. And many a time since, when my vicissitudes have pressed heavily upon me, and my sorrows have seemed too weighty to bear, I remember my first agonizing trial, and my FAITH THEN; and I am angry with myself for daring to doubt the *God* who heard the cry of the young child upon the rock. Reader, this incident has indeed been a foreshadow of my strange life: and, believe me, the rock of virtue is hard to climb in this heartless world, with the *dark abyss* of *poverty* on one side, and the *flashing, gorgeous, magnificent, dangerous* sea of *temptation* on the other side; and nothing but remembering the blessed precepts of a good mother, and asking for an *increase* of *faith* and strength from an all-powerful God, has saved me from falling into the *black valley* of *destruction*!

As this is the conclusion of the first part of my little book, and I have been speaking of the sea that had nearly swallowed me up, I will insert a few lines written by my mother to Mr. Stevens, the great mathematician,

author of "A New Table of Tides;" by Grace Boyle,  
late De la Hooke.

The tides' retreat, the waters' ebb and flow,  
Their cause, their course, their seasons, thou canst know.  
The moon, and he who as her god arose,  
Her light, her life, yet subject to those laws  
Which thou hast shown in sweet attraction lies, —  
The eclipse, the full, their settings, and their rise, —  
All this is clear. But the great human tide  
Of life, with all its cares, canst thou decide?  
Say, when at spring or neap, what governs there  
In love or hate, in joy or in despair?  
And thou canst fathom, thou canst calculate,  
What can retard, or what accelerate;  
Know well what *depth* the waters here or there;  
How much depends on sea, how much on air;  
Say when the tide and under-currents meet;  
Sport with the secrets of the mighty deep;  
Know'st with exactness how the waters fill:  
Yet canst not say how much of good or ill  
In that small compass or that point of time;  
How much of pain or peace, or love or crime,  
Commence or finish, flourish or decline.  
The why and wherefore be it known to thee,  
In air, in earth, in ocean, or in sea;  
But man's fixed fate or his free agency,  
From the *first* breath to the *last* agony, —  
Here all is *dark*, or just but *light* to show  
That earth is *cursed*, and *man* is born to woe.

NOTE.— Some persons have affected great astonishment at my aristocratic relatives not assisting me in my arduous undertaking to provide for so large a family. Do these people recollect that a certain powerful writer, an American lady, was left a fair young widow with two children, and lived in poverty a long time; and, when she applied to her *brother* to assist her with his influence in publishing an article she had written, he refused her, and left her to help herself as she could, and a stranger brought her talents before the public, and she instantly met with well-merited success? However, when Gerald Noel Hoare, brother to the banker in London, and cousin to the Rev. Baptist Noel, found out that my grandmother was one of *the Aclands*, he did assist me regularly every week, and was not ashamed that all his servants should know I was related to him; \* and, during the illness of my beloved mother and child, he visited us almost daily, which he continued up to the last week of my stay in London, but said all aid would cease on my return to America. It is quite a remarkable fact, that all Old-Country people have an idea that you can get employment the moment you ask for it here. Do my readers recollect, that, at the death of a wealthy man recently, he left large bequests to strangers, yes, even titled men; and he an American? and, to my ocular knowledge, there are near relatives bearing his name, *living in Boston*, and a short distance from it, advanced in years, and not *ten dollars* in reserve; and we need not travel far to find hundreds of such unnatural instances. And again: people exclaim, “Why does not Mrs. G. W. Horr, your sister of Athol, assist you (she has never had any children), and your two brothers, one without a child?” The only answer I shall make *in this book* is, “My brother James does not believe in a God, and, with the others, forgot one of the noblest and most self-sacri-

\* He said he felt proud to find me so heroically battling and bearing my poverty, and thought I did honor to the blood of my forefathers.

ficing women, their mother, in her decrepit old age ; never even took the trouble to write to her, and never knew of two frightful accidents that eventually caused her death." Reader, wonder not that these "*good Samaritans*" forgot their *sister* !

## CHAPTER II.

With Two Solid Questions : First, Are we to have Children, or not ? with Comments on the Rev. Dr. Todd's Lecture on this Subject, entitled, "Fashionable Murders." Second Question : Where are we to put Children when we get them ? for every notice, where Apartments are to let, is most emphatic, "No Children taken." One Cause of the Increase of Crime.

**T**HE Rev. Dr. Todd has written two of the finest, most truthful, and godlike lectures I ever read,—one entitled "Fashionable Murders," and the other, "A Cloud with a Dark Lining." The good man's expoundings are excellent : his revelations with regard to the determination that the Americans evince, not to have children, is fearfully true ; more especially among the women. He points out how, eventually, the wrath of God will fall upon them for defying his omnipotent will. All he says is so clearly drawn, and so faithfully illustrated, that he proves the holy bonds of marriage are too often broken in consequence. Hence God's anger is plain to be seen. He shows out all these truths so clearly, yet scripturally, telling us to bear in mind that children are "an heritage from the Lord," that the modest woman can read it, and, if she is innocent of the crime, without a blush upon her cheek.



I read a very able address delivered by Dr. Nathan Allen of Lowell, Mass., at a meeting of the Social Science Association, Boston, entitled "Wanted, More Mothers." He remarks, "that the increase of population for twenty-five years has been mainly in cities and towns; and it will be found to be largely made up of foreign element: and in the smaller villages, chiefly American, the stock has hardly increased at all." The gentleman ends his lecture by saying, "that beneath all the frivolousness and thoughtlessness which characterize the fashionable women of America to-day, beneath that artificial and unhealthy superficiality which has been grafted upon them by unnatural and foreign influences, there is still a sterling sense of truth and right."

Reader, as an Englishwoman, I wish to make a few comments upon the word "foreign." I never felt more astonished in my life than when I first heard an American call me a foreigner, — we, whom this nation actually sprang from, and speaking our language from the first up to the present moment. It seemed quite an enigma to me. Now mark you, this gentleman contradicts himself; for he first says that the large cities and towns are principally propagated *by* foreigners, and *then* accuses them of bringing these unnatural practices into the country. Now, I think it would only have been fair for him to have defined the nation or nations: therefore, as he has not done so, I undertake to say that it is not the English, Irish, Scotch, or Germans. Who then? The

*French*, whom the Americans fairly worship. Had the English introduced this crime into the country, it would have been eschewed instantly: for there is a class who hate us most heartily; and every thing to be appreciated must be French, and from Paris. I said to a New-York editor a short time since, "If there were two bridges for you to cross over some *dangerous* precipice, and an Englishman, out of sheer kindness, pointed out the safest one, of his own constructing, you would choose the rickety one, provided it was made by a Frenchman, *even* at risk of breaking your neck." He laughed heartily, and replied, "That's so."

When we were living in Tariffville, Conn., Mr. Thomson sent up a clerk to his factory; and his wife gave herself great airs. And all the people there said she was a *perfect lady*, and her manners were beautiful, they were so *French*; and she could *speak* French. My husband and I knew they were vulgar people; but we would have been called jealous if we had given our opinion. We were *nobody* after this grand arrival.

Reader, where do you think the lady had been brought up? — as a chambermaid in a French hotel. Remember, I am speaking of your half-educated classes, your shoddyites; not of the highly-educated, intellectual, and polished American. Let me quote a few lines written by one of your whole-souled, *large-brained*, educated women, Miss Leslie, who seems proud of the Saxon blood in her veins. She is describing her feelings on leaving

England, and looking forward to her beloved American home. She says, "While we sat on the sofa in the lesser cabin, and looked up through the open skylight at the stars that seemed flying over our heads, we talked of the land we had so recently quitted. We talked of her people, who, though differing from ours in a thousand minute particulars, are still essentially the same. Our laws, our institutions, our manners, and our customs are derived from theirs. We are benefited by the same arts; we are enlightened by the same sciences; their noble and copious language is *fortunately* ours. Their Shakspeare also belongs to us; and we rejoice that we can possess ourselves of his 'thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,' in all their original freshness and splendor, unobscured by the mist of translation. Though the ocean divides our dwelling-places, though the sword and the cannon-shot have sundered the bonds that once united us to her dominion, though the misrepresentations of travelling adventurers have done much to foster mutual jealousies, still we share the pride of our parent in the glorious beings she can number among the children of her island-home;" for "yet lives the blood of England in our veins."

In this eloquent effusion, which evidently flows from a great and generous mind, how clearly we can perceive Miss Leslie's genuine love for her own country, by being proud to claim or copy what is really great from the mother-land! But I must return to my subject. The

learned gentleman goes on to say, "We find there are absolutely more deaths than births among the strictly American children: so that, aside from immigration, and births of children of foreign parentage, the propagation of Massachusetts is really decreasing. Another fact developed by report is, that whereas, in 1765, nearly one-half of the propagation of Massachusetts was under fifteen years of age, it is believed, that, at the *present* time, *not* more than *one-fifth* of the purely American population is under that age. In an equal number of American and foreign families, the births will be nearly three times as many in the latter as in the former. In some of the old towns, the records of a hundred years do not show a single instance of a married couple without children. The New-York census of 1865 shows, that, out of nine hundred and ninety-three thousand two hundred and thirty-six married women, one hundred and thirty-seven thousand seven hundred and forty-five had no children, and three hundred and thirty-three thousand only had one or two. In the small town of Billerica, there are ninety families with ten or more children; five of these had fourteen, and one twenty-one: the total in the ninety families is ten hundred and ninety-three. The birth-rates show that American families *do not* increase at *all*; and the inspection of the registration in other States shows that the same remark applies to all."

In another part of his lecture, he thinks the brain

and nervous system has been too highly developed, and altogether predominates. The effect of this is seen, he continues, in the intense headaches with which our women are *now* suffering.

I am sorry to differ with the doctor, who writes so many good and excellent things; but my opinion is, that the tight manner the women tie their hair back, stretching every fibre of the scalp, which must be most painful; then a large bunch of horse-hair, and a switch resembling the tail of a pony, is placed on the top of the head, which, of course, must cause unnatural heat, — is chiefly the reason of the headaches referred to at the present time. I have frequently seen the waterfall larger than the head itself! And I much fear that the chief *mental* agony of the *masses* of the young women of the present day is, who shall have the largest possible waterfall, the smallest bonnet, and make themselves the greatest *fright*.

Now, as these learned gentlemen have pointed out the evil effects of defying God's holy ordinance, showing that it not only undermines the woman's health, and makes her prematurely old, but affects the temper of the husband, that he becomes dyspeptic, ill-humored, and his home any thing but agreeable to him, I ask how we are to remedy this state of affairs? My friends, it must be done by the mothers. I think that mothers ought to set to work and talk to their children, warning them of the evils that they dream not of; more especially to the young married couples, or those contem-

plating marriage. I have frequently heard women say, "I don't mind having one or two, but no more for me." When I first heard these expressions, I thought it merely a joke; but eventually I found out they *meant* what they said, and I was amazed. And, when these women do condescend to have one or two children, what sort of a lifelong inheritance are they giving their offspring? — ill-health even unto *death*. Frequently I come in contact with women of thirty, and even twenty-five, so debilitated, that they are far more fit for hospitals than to fill the sacred office of either wife or mother. Sometimes, when I feel disheartened with a continuation of my peculiar trials, I remember these things, and fear that I have not thanked God enough for the rich heritage my parents left me (fine health), and for giving me the good sense to make every effort to preserve it; for *much* depends upon *ourselves*, whether our health is good or otherwise. I am now coming to the solution of the question I just asked you: Are we to have children, or not? Now I am going to ask you another question: What are we to do with them when we get them? and where are we to put them? I feel quite certain that the wealthy portion of the community, and even those in easy circumstances, have not the least idea what poor gentility suffers, — ladies with decayed means, *large families*, and small purses; women who have not defied God's holy ordinance, but met it bravely, and accepted children as an heritage from him, in face of the most

disheartening obstacles. It is the women whose earliest social position was refinement, that suffer the most when the tyrant poverty lays his iron grasp upon them; not those "born in a garret, and in a kitchen bred;" *not* those who elbow and fight their way through the crowd for the ton of coals, and the dollar-a-week charities; *not* those who *dress* themselves for the *occasion*, and go forth with the *doleful whine* of *begging* upon their lips; *not* those who may have one or ten children, and can get dwelling-places at any hour among their fellows. No, no! these *are not* the greatest sufferers. It is the class, who, when trying to get into *respectable* houses in a nice street, have the door shut in their faces when "*Yes*" is the response to the question, "Have you any children?" It is the high-minded, high-principled men and women, who do not wish to exceed their means, however small, and put up with many a scanty meal to make a genteel appearance, that are the *greatest sufferers*.

I have known women who have walked day following day, for two weeks, unable to get a desirable place, unless they could afford to pay twenty-five or thirty dollars a month. But let a finely-dressed woman go, with a man by her side, — no matter whether he is her husband or not; that makes no difference: she may call him her brother, or a very particular friend, — she will be taken in *instantly*, and no questions asked; that is, if she *pays* her money *down*, and answers "*No*" to the only ques-

tion, "Have you any children?" Of course, there are exceptions in this state of affairs, as in every thing else; but rare indeed are they. Since I left Boston, three years ago, I have lived in furnished apartments, in boarding-houses, and in rooms that I furnished myself: and, out of the six different places, five had "*kept women*" in them; but they had no *children*, and plenty of money. It is just the same in Boston. On all the bills you see posted up, you will find a most emphatic notice, — "No children taken." One day, I counted seven places in "The Herald." This state of things is one great *cause* of the "*increase of crime.*" Had the Rev. Dr. Todd said that *child-murder*\* took place only among the genteel class of poor, there would have been a *little* excuse; for respectable women, and *poor gentlewomen* who *dare* to have children, are compelled to live under the same roof with this *fulsome class*, or go in some dirty street with a grade of persons whose manners, tastes, and customs are *revolting* to them, — persons who wonder what they mean by coming there, and look upon them with suspicion; and when they find out there is no *husband*

\* I am sorry to add, that this crime is carried on to the greatest extent among the wealthy. In Cambridgeport, a medical lady informed me that she was continually applied to for this purpose, and always refused in the most decided manner; but, to her knowledge, one woman performed, on an average, from a hundred to a hundred and fifty cases in a week. And yet churches abound in this place! In my "*Life,*" I shall give a description of these different houses that the world think respectable, judging from the outside. Dr. Kent's, Mrs. More's and Lewis's will figure most conspicuously. This is the *only way to eradicate degradation, — exposing it!*



or man in the family, and that they display no gossiping curiosity about their neighbors' affairs, but keep their own apartment, and that their children are not allowed to play in the street, *then*, in *undertones* at *first*, she is called "the grand lady," in derision, and eventually made a very "*target*" for this herd to shoot their venomous, serpent-like tongues at. God help all the poor! but, more especially, those who *resist temptation*, — those who cannot be even *starved* into *crime*; those who do *not* accept the wages of sin; those who, though rebellious at times, through a continuation of sorrow look beyond this world, and pray for a continuation of faith, endeavoring with a true Christian spirit to say, "Thy will be done." This kind of poor very few think about. Let there be houses built, with fine ventilation, for *each class of poor* (as far separate as possible), at *moderate* rents, and have written in large letters, "No persons taken in this house without children," and there will speedily be a *VISIBLE decrease* in crime!!

NOTE. — Speaking of having children reminds me of a circumstance that happened some fifteen years ago. I had a letter of introduction to a lady who wished to engage my children to read at a party she was about to give. She received me with an air of melancholy politeness, at the same time informing me that the gathering was postponed, as dear little Fanny was "real sick." I saw a wine-glass and teaspoon on the table by the side of the sofa, which had a small blanket on it bound with sky-blue ribbon, covering up something that I supposed to be a sick child. I approached, and gently

drew aside the blanket. I jumped back—it was a poodle-dog, whose black eyes winked at me as if about to cry: a sort of appeal for sympathy shone in its glowing orbs. I was almost convulsed with laughter, it was so unexpected. When able to speak, I said, “Pardon me, madam, for laughing; but I thought it was a baby.” She replied indignantly, “Oh, dear, no! I never had a baby; nor I don’t want one either!” And it would be a blessing, I say, if such women as these *never* became mothers. When I was a young girl, and heard people say they hated children, and saw them fondling dogs, and feeding kittens with a spoon because the *old cat* was too weak to attend to so many, and knew, at the same time, that poor *human mothers* were compelled (just as *slaves once* were) to separate from their husbands and children when *poverty* demanded that they should go into the “*Union*,” or, rather, *Disunion*,—I say, when I pondered on these things, thoughts would flit through my mind, whether, when death severed the body from the *souls* of these people, that their spirits were not instantly infused into cats and dogs, and that they came back in those shapes as a penance for their *brutality* to mankind, and their *loving-kindness* to brutes. However, we never went to the party. The woman remarked to a friend, that she thought me devoid of all feeling, to laugh at a little, sick, *innocent* dog.

## CHAPTER III.

Shows the Evil Effect of Coal Gas, Police Gas, and Woman's Gas, with Two Solid Questions: First, Is it not the Love of Fame, in Ninety-nine Cases out of a Hundred, that induces Women to ask for Men's Rights? Second Question: Ought We not to cultivate Health, and make this Subject one of the Chief Branches of Education in the Public Schools?—which would prove a Sure Step towards decreasing Crime.

I THINK, after all the lengthy comments about myself and children concerning the supposed poisoning case that took place two years ago last December, it behooves me, as a duty I owe to myself, to society, and, more than either, to the sympathizing friends that tendered their services and aided me in that hour of trial, to state facts. I wish to show off a few persons in their *true* colors. I wish to show how *fine dress* and ditto furniture become mighty, and overpowers *right*, be it *ever* so right, if *right* be a woman clad in the *seedy cloak* of *poverty*. I told you that I am not what is termed a “woman's-rights” woman; but I am for women of every age, grade, and color, being protected to the uttermost point of justice. And it is too evident, that women's proper

rights are sadly neglected in the present day : hence *one reason* why so many ladies are trying to jump into men's boots for *protection* ! Still, you gentlemen must not laugh too much at women who seek refuge in bloomer costume, as Jefferson Davis is not the first man who has sought protection in woman's petticoats, *boots and all* ; for, in olden times, several instances are recorded of devoted wives emancipating their husbands from the brutal tyranny of some despotic monarch by the aid of a woman's dress, which clearly proves that we will fly from *oppression* to places, that, under other circumstances, would be *distasteful* to us. As I sat reading the different papers, with their contradictory statements about us, I thought how little we can depend on the news of the day from newspapers, if they usually recapitulate and represent them in the manner that this said affair has been done.\* One paper said I had been an actress of celebrity ; and I was *never* on the stage in my life. I do not say this *disparagingly*, remember, but simply because it is the truth ; for I firmly believe there are many excellent women at this time before the public in that capacity, and I finish a small piece I wrote for one of my children, saying, —

Why should a woman be stigmatized for going on the stage ? — more *especially* in this *enlightened* age, when

\* The depraved women, Elliott and Smith, with their *Confederate officer*, *Gillan*, were the inventors of these fabrications, and took much pleasure in *informing* the reporters from time to time, who, of course, believed them.

the daily papers inform us, *page by page*, that *thousands* are divorced who never trod the stage, without poverty, and starving little ones to tempt them to any ill, but merely their own OVER-FED *voluptuous will*. I say no matter what our calling may be in our short lives, if we do our duty to our children, and to our husbands prove faithful, loving wives.

But I decidedly would not wish a daughter of mine to receive her social education from that source, or cultivate her ideas of good and evil from the ACTING of the *moral* drama. George Stevenson worked under ground as a miner in the very noontide of his life; and eventually his genius shone out from beneath that grovelling obscurity. And, in after-years, he was honored and respected by every class, and has been the guest of nearly all the crowned heads in Europe. Still, reader, neither you nor I would like to put our children in such a place to receive their education, either morally or scholastically. A flash paper printed the most hideous pictures of us, and stated that I was far advanced in years, and a poor, EMACIATED looking creature. I WEIGH ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-SEVEN pounds!!\* I am certainly some-

\* In this trouble, there were two ladies from the Fifth Avenue, called Irvin. They went to five different houses in their carriage, to inquire about me, and wishing to see me. A lady begged me, if I did not go myself, to let my children call; and I did. One of them, on seeing Grace and Myrtle, cried "Oh, my! you are quite fat: I thought you were almost skeletons. Tell your mother to come and see us." I laughed heartily at the comments of these Pharisees; and you may depend I did *not* call, for I felt certain that they would have suggested my

*thing* over forty years, but think, as long as my physical and mental powers remain *healthy*, I am decidedly *not old*. I have seen men and women at sixty, fine, hale, and hearty; and I have seen both sexes at *twenty-eight* and *thirty* look as if it was high time for them to make their *WILLS*, if they had any thing to *leave*. Health, in my estimation, is beyond the wealth of the universe; and, depend upon it, however fertile your brain may be, *health* will always help to enrich the *fruit* that falls *therefrom*. On Friday evening, the 13th of December, 1867, I walked from Amity Place to Thirty-sixth Street, with Daniel and Myrtle, to a temperance meeting. He was to deliver a lecture, and she to sing. It was a bitter night.

I had on thin gaiters, not fit for the inclement weather, as the snow lay deep upon the ground. So severe was the night, that scarcely anybody was there; and the president engaged me to address the ladies' meeting the following Friday. We rode home; but my feet were wet, and I felt chilled. As I left the car, I said, "Daniel, I feel death-struck," — little dreaming how soon my words were nearly verified. On entering my apartments, three in number, I remarked to my children what a horrible smell of gas there was; and I left the doors open for some time, as we could not raise the

exhibiting myself at Barnum's as a fat *woman*. These creatures, after all their parade, did not even sell a ticket for my entertainment I gave at Steinway Hall.

windows, they were so completely wedged down with ice. I felt very ill all night. I felt as if I had been beaten all over. I lay in bed the next day till noon, and then told Daniel to take his bed into the kitchen, and lay it on a lounge, so that I might be near the stove, where there was a large fire. He then went for some hartshorn and sweet oil. And after I had been rubbed alternately by my children, and covered up with blankets, I dozed off to sleep ; and I remembered nothing more until, the next day, I found myself in the Bellevue Hospital. It seems, that, when Daniel thought I was asleep, he closed the door, and told the other children not on any account to disturb me. He went out, and brought home some food for their supper, and finding me very comfortably asleep, as he thought, took all the covers off the stove, and cooked the meat, but omitted to put them on again. After they had finished eating, they shut themselves in with *me*, and began playing "*store*." They all say that they remember feeling very sleepy ; and Willie, my youngest child, came and lay by me on the bed, and the others played on the floor until they imperceptibly fell off to sleep. They had a faint recollection of hearing me moan, and trying to rise and help me, but could not. After this, they remember nothing until they found themselves surrounded by many people, and two doctors with me, using every effort to restore me, without any apparent success. Dr. Perry, the first called in, has told me since, that full

three-quarters of an hour passed before he saw the slightest sign of animation. My appearance was quite torpid. Whenever he hears me laugh, he invariably remarks, "If anybody had told me I would ever hear you laugh so merrily, I would have said it was impossible." Daniel, Grace, and Myrtle had their senses in about a quarter of an hour, with rubbing and air; Willie, longer: but none of my children, from the first, had the livid appearance that I had. It is not to be supposed that they would, as I had been in the room from Saturday, 12, A.M., until nearly 2, A.M., on Sunday, without air, — only the opening and the closing of the door occasionally. Willie, in struggling through the suffocation, had thrown one of his legs across the lower part of the stove, in front of the fire, and burnt it severely, which kept him in the hospital for three months subsequently.

I have no doubt some of my readers remember (about four years ago) of a wealthy family in Brooklyn, who had been removing, and the hour being late, and the weather cold, several members slept in one room, with a stove in it; and, to produce a greater heat, they took the lids *off*. In the *morning*, three persons were found dead, and the others nearly so. Each New-Yorker that I have recalled this circumstance to remembers it perfectly well. The Rev. Dr. McJilton, of Baltimore, stated to me the following fact, and has permitted me to use his name. A colored man-servant belonging to this gentle-



man slept in a room detached from the house. One morning, not seeing him, as usual, at his work, he went to his room ; and, on opening the door, he found the man apparently in the last struggles of death. Everybody rushed instantly to try and relieve the sufferer. Mustard, stimulants, indeed, every thing that could be thought of, was resorted to, and with but little success. A doctor was sent for ; and, *notwithstanding all* that was done, it was three weeks before he could *resume his usual employment*. The man informed the doctor that he had *uncovered* the stove to make the room warm, as the night was bitterly cold. Since I have returned to Boston, I read in "The Herald," "John Cornish and his wife Bridget, who occupy a room at 61 Salem Street, went to bed last night with a coal-fire in the stove, leaving the *outlet-damper* shut, and the cover off the stove. *Late* in the evening, the occupants of another room heard groans, and, on going in, found Cornish on the bed, and his wife on the floor, — *both* insensible. Dr. McDonald was called, and restored the parties to consciousness, after some trouble."

Such knowledge of the evil effects of gas ought to be a warning to all of us. I imagine that I suffered more than many women would have done under the same circumstances, because I have accustomed myself, all my life, to partake very freely of fresh air, both day and night. I am sure some persons have thought me — to use their *own* term — "*crazy*," on finding my window

open, no matter how bitter the weather might be. For I always had an instinctive idea, without one particle of scientific knowledge, that we require more air when asleep, when all our powers are lying comparatively dormant, than we do when every artery and muscle of the body is in action ; and, strange to say, I found my theory corroborated, a short time ago, in the London "Public Opinion," headed, "Sleeping-Rooms." It said, —

"The rooms we sleep in should never shut out the fresh, pure air. A sleeping person consumes *two* hogs-heads of air in an hour, — that is, deprives it of all its oxygen, and replaces it with carbonic-acid gas, which is a negative poison ; leaving it so destitute of life-giving property, that the person breathing it will die in a short time, — in an hour sometimes. It follows, therefore, that, unless the room be larger than most of those found in dwelling-houses and hotels, there should be thorough ventilation."

"Currents of air," says the correspondent of an American paper, "must be avoided : hence the bed should be so located in the room, that they may not pass over the sleeper. If there be a single window, it is often well to *raise* the *lower* sash a little, and lower a few inches the *upper* sash. In this way, the current is confined to the window, while it keeps the air perfectly fresh."

So, reader, you perceive that my intuitive idea, combined with experience, was correct.

Health is appreciated much more among the English (even sometimes at the expense of comfort) than the Americans, or, indeed, I may add, any other nation I have come in contact with. If you speak of some new invention, even to an ignorant English person, the first inquiry will be, Is it *healthy*? The hot air from the furnace, that is used almost wholly in this country, I think horrible. I very nearly became a wrinkled old woman in two months from its effect. My skin was dry, my lips parched, and I had the headache, with hot eyes, which *alarmed* me; for I had never been tortured by this terrible pain previously, — not *ten* times in my *whole life*!! And, poor as I am, I would not accept a fine house, rent free, *if*, into the bargain, I was compelled to have hot air, — so much do I value our health. And I have always tried to impress on my children's mind, that there are two articles that neither the wealth of Cræsus nor the power of Midas can repurchase if *once lost*; and these are *health* and *intellect*. Man can acquire riches, but these two blessings come direct from *God*; and it ought to be considered a religious duty to preserve the one and cultivate the other. The importance of health ought to be one of the principal studies in our public schools and at *home*, instead of a taste for fine dress and jewelry; and then there would be less misery and degradation in society, and, consequently, crime would *decrease*.

While I am on this subject of *health*, which *ought* to

be an interesting theme to every man and woman, and more so to mothers, I will show you how the evil effects of foul air was made manifest once before in my own family. I went to England with six children, eighteen months before the war broke out, on a visit to my aged mother. As Daniel was not four years old, my friends deemed it prudent for me to leave two younger children than he in America ; for, by the time I was quite settled in England, I would have one still younger to care for. I have always been paid tremendous compliments by the "*faculty*," both in London and this country, about the fine health of my children, and about their fine, broad chests, and straight, well-developed legs ; for almost all medical men think that the MOTHER has much to do with these things (*so do I*). I left two of these fine specimens of American-born children in this country ; and I was frequently both pained and astonished, while in England, to learn that my babies, more or less, were always suffering from some kind of illness, and that medical aid had to be called to attend to them. I did not return at the appointed time, as my husband wrote there was a rumor of war, and that I had better remain where I was until he heard what was likely to be the issue of the report. We all know what the report ended in ; and I did not return to the States until I heard of my husband's death in the Union army. Then I determined to come over for my children. I had been away nearly six years ; and God only knows how I yearned

to embrace them. And when I beheld the two living, *livid skeletons* that were put before me as *mine*, I thought I would have fainted. I *was speechless*. I do not wish my readers to be impressed with the idea that these children had been maltreated by the persons with whom I had left them, but simply of the people's *utter ignorance* that fresh air is of as much importance to children's health, as wholesome food, fine out-door exercise, and retiring at an early and regular hour is, to all young people who wish to lay the foundation to a fine constitution. When I saw the room that my children had slept in, I no longer marvelled that my two little girls, whom I had left looking as if Hygeia presided over them, were turned into shadows. Every thing was scrupulously clean, but scarcely *any ventilation*.

The confined atmosphere in these dark bed-rooms\* usually found in tenant-houses, if not speedily improved upon, or, rather, removed entirely, will be a frightful barrier to the working-classes keeping in fine health, — the very men who most *require physical power*, consequently can least afford to *lose it*. *Stalwart* men, with herculean strength, will soon droop, unless they are allowed to have their houses more fitted to receive the fine air and the refreshing and bracing breeze that God disseminates throughout the universe for *all* mankind, whether the *poor* woman, with her *iron* crook, who rakes

\* These people paid seventeen dollars a month for their rooms,

every morning for *cinders*, or the fine lady riding in her carriage ornamented with *gold*. And the public know of the existences of these evils for years past, and still permit landlords to build the same kind of houses; and people flock into them, simply because they have *no choice*. I wish some of you women's-rights women would stir *this* question up in your club-rooms. My children have been with me now six years, and during that time I have not had a medical man to either of them; and, although they do not yet look as plump and robust as they *once* did, it is impossible for them to be in finer health than they are at this moment. *Fine appetites, fine lungs, fine DIGESTIVE powers*: in fact, the LATTER organs are in such fine order that their food is *oftentimes* digested before I have the *means* to REPLENISH the *vacuum*! These illustrations will clearly demonstrate to thinking women, that, when we become mothers, our chief study should be the health and education of those whom God has permitted us to bring into life. I cut out a piece from a paper a short time since, headed "*Our Children.*" It said, "The subject of rearing children is of more consequence than of gaining honor, distinction, or wealth. It outweighs all others. It ought to be studied more deeply than any profession or business. We ought to be more interested in it than in any thing else we do. We must produce a revolution in this matter. Rearing children must be made a study. Nothing can be so interesting or instructive. The father or the mother

who knows how to properly rear and educate a family is *greatly wiser* than any *professor*." I agree with every word of these sentiments, and would like to know the author.

When I say education, I am not speaking of scholastic education; for I have known persons thoroughly educated who had no idea how to impart their knowledge to others. This talent is a *natural* power, and without it I would never allow a man or woman to become a teacher, if I had my will in the matter. It is too often the *incapability* of the *teacher* that makes children *dread* going to *school*; for a great portion of them take no interest in their work. They give children five or six long lessons to learn *verbatim*, of which they don't understand *one-half*, although they may be perfect to the letter; and many *tractable* and *intelligent* children *shed* the *bitterest tears* over this mode of being educated! First make the children good readers. Let the teacher read with them, and explain as they go on, and they will find out, at the end of *three months*, the children will know more of the *sense* of the matter that they have been reading about than they would in a *year* by making them learn by heart. I know this by experience. I have tried both plans. But, as I just now remarked, I am not speaking of scholastic education to mothers. I am speaking of the social education of the heart, and of the training of the principles of their children, and the expanding of their minds. These occupa-

tions are far more befitting women than VOTING at *poll-stands*, *pleading* in *law-courts*, or holding forth in *club-rooms*! Home is the proper place for mothers.\* No person knows this fact better than I do. I would like some of these women to know (if it is possible for them to feel) the agony a true mother must suffer to leave babes a month old on the breast of a *stranger*, and go *hundreds* of miles AWAY to earn *food* for *them*! I would like some of these women to know what it was to leave a darling child on her last bed to go over London Bridge on a snowy night in December, to give an entertainment, that she should have all she wanted; and her crying, "Where's mamma?" Oh! I am so disgusted with these unnatural women! Poverty *compelled* me to succumb; but was I not *out* of my sphere? Oh, yes! responds every CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

It is *fame* such women are rushing after, and not to ameliorate the condition of their less fortunate sisters.

\* A lady who writes a long communication to "The St. Paul Press," in opposition to female claims for the ballot, growing very enthusiastic towards the close, breaks out into parodic poetry, of which the following verse is a capital specimen:—

"The 'vote' that all are praising  
Is not the vote for me:  
Its claims are so amazing,  
I'd rather far be free.  
But there's a vote in yonder crib,  
A baby-vote, clear, shrill, and glib:  
*That* vote is worth the raising;  
And that's the vote for me!  
Oh, that's the vote for me!"



This thirst for fame, in some people, is not to be quenched ; and too often both men and women are noticed in the most flattering manner, that *really do not deserve* it. This knowledge gave me the ideas that headed an article of mine, two years ago, in a Boston paper, on the poverty in England, entitled “ The Brute and the Man.”

Fame, *fame*, courted *fame* !  
After all thou’rt but a name  
That many *miscreants* do claim,  
Who should have worn an IRON chain.

One-half the men called philanthropic,  
Whose every deed and saying is made the topic  
From rostrums, pulpits of the day,  
Should some of their deeds be brought to light,  
We’d scarcely bear them in our sight,  
But SHRINK FROM them *away*.

I have seen life in all its phases, and I have mixed with women of every grade and position ; that is, I mean I have come in contact with them. Lavater says, that, whatever class we mix among, we look like them after a time. I differ from him,—*not* after the mind is formed ; and, before we assimilate in our *outward* appearance, there must be a *congeniality* internally. I have mixed with rich and poor, wicked and good, with the educated and the ignorant : and I have come to the conclusion, after close observation, that the frailties of humanity are as deeply rooted in one class as in the other, when

the heart is naturally depraved; and the high and the low are more nearly allied than we generally think.\* Who is it that dresses the unfortunate women in the street?—The higher classes! Who is it furnishes the gorgeous houses of depravity?—The higher classes! Who is it that can *sell* and *buy* rum with impunity?—The higher classes! I know people that laugh at the prohibitory law, just passed in Boston, and can purchase gallons with impunity, because they have *wealth*; and poor Biddy O'Flanigan or Mike Flinn will be made to pay for *daring* to infringe upon the *law* by selling *one* glass! O *most noble* law! Well may Ward Beecher exclaim from his pulpit, "Justice stinks!" I would admire the law that does away with this traffic, if it was universal, but not when it confines itself to the poorer classes only. This fact renders it detestable.

A good standing in society, good breeding, and a good education, with plenty of money, too frequently *hide* deeds, that, if perpetrated by the poor uncultured man, are laid bare to the public eye in all their revolting hideousness. We have our women's-rights women in every grade, — among our Bettys and our Bridgets, our *ladies* and our working-girls, — women who say, "I'll let you know who's master here," and order men in the shape of husbands about as if they were *dogs*;

\* Still, with all my experience and mixings, I must candidly acknowledge my preference to come in contact with *refined* wickedness, rather than the uncultured brute.

and, for a quiet life, the TAME creature *obeys*, and *barks* not. There are thousands of such "STRONG-MINDED" ladies in every class, showing that these sentiments are not all indicative of either *high* intellect, *high* breeding, or in any way of *womanly superiority*. This thirsting for supremacy, fame, and *men's* rights, is to be found among the *high* and the *LOW*, revealing to us, that *behind* the screens of wealth, *education*, and *rank*, dwells the *poor*, *frail* human mind; — in the millionaire just as in the *beggar*, — showing that TRUE MOTHERS are required TO-DAY far more than ballot!

I know women who have been thirsting for fame all their lives as authoresses, and have received the required adulation from a certain class; and, although they have grown *old* and gray, they *thirst* on for "more fame," and it would have been a charity to the public if all they had written had been burnt instead of printed. I have been at parties among the *élite*, and I have seen the lady who invited me in an agonizing state of mind because she had heard that Mrs. P.'s *soirée* was more crowded than hers, and that the rich, reigning belle of the season was *there*, who had declined her invitation. "*More fame!*" I have seen a woman surrounded by every luxury, sometimes pacing the room, then sitting swaying herself back and forward, and tapping her foot on the floor, apparently suffering from some heart-rending trouble, just as I have seen some bereaved widow do; and, upon inquiring the cause, I

found out it was the state of wretched uncertainty she was in, *not* yet having *decided* what DRESS she should wear to the opera ! because she was *famed* for her *superb wardrobe*, and thirsted for fame, — *more fame !*

I never felt prouder than when I perceived, as my daughters approached womanhood, their utter distaste to public life, notwithstanding, when they appeared, the principal American, London, Edinburgh, and Toronto papers spoke more highly of their genius\* than my fondest hopes had ever anticipated. The late Gen. Morris heard them at Gen. Scott's, and a few days after, in his "Home Journal," wrote a most flattering criticism on their powers as readers from the "mighty Bard," and pronounced them "patterns for children of a larger growth." In New York for years they read at all the principal schools, two or three times each season

\* "The New-York Tribune," in a long article at the time of the gas catastrophe, said, "Daniel, Grace, Myrtle, and William were genteel, well-bred, and sweet-mannered children. Daniel's features were singularly intelligent; his declamatory powers were extraordinary; and, when he recited from Shakspeare, his young face became beautiful with a precocious comprehension of the author's meaning. The little girls sang sweetly, and were much caressed. They are the brothers and sisters of the *distinguished 'Boone children,'* who some years ago *flashed in triumph* through the United States, evoking admiration from the most *critical* auditors, and caustic pens." A few days before we went to England, in 1858, my two daughters gave a farewell reading. "The New-York Times," after speaking highly of the whole, ended by saying, "We never heard Willis's 'Leper' read so perfectly as it was by Lora Gordon Boone." She was thirteen years of age at that time. I wish my readers to know, that, notwithstanding the precocious relish God gave my children for this sublime art, they retained all the joyous glee and freshness of happy childhood, which kept the bloom upon their cheeks, and a healthy sparkle in their eye.

at each school ; and, when in Toronto, the Lady Mayoress sang for me, the Hon. Mrs. Vancoughnet played the piano for me, and Mrs. Davison Murrie had a stage erected in her drawing-room, and the very *élite* were there ; and my cousin, Anna Otter, wrote to her father, the Rev. James De la Hooke (referred to before), in England, that she had never known “ public people ” taken such notice of in Toronto before. All the first families called on me ; and the colonel of one of the stationary regiments there sent a portion of his band to perform at my entertainment.

In Washington, these little girls read before the President, Mrs. Pierce, and Cabinet. Fremont presented them with a beautiful bouquet. And, at another time, Bancroft, after hearing them in Broadway, New York, came forward, giving them some beautiful flowers, and, taking their hands, said, “ My sweet little girls, I never heard any thing like you.” The day following, “ The Herald ” remarked, that “ the Chinese Assembly Rooms were crowded with a most fashionable audience, chiefly ladies, to listen to the reading of those phenomena, ‘ The Boone Children ; ’ ” and I could name hundreds of such instances of such attentions, as we passed through the States.

While my children were before the public, they had two hundred and ten elegant books presented them ; and rings, bracelets, lockets, were sent continually. I, being their sole teacher, of course felt flattered. Yet I was

glad to find all that I had tried to impress upon their childish minds had taken deep root ; and they thought, with ME, that a woman never looks so *lovely*, so truly *great*, so *fascinating*, and so really beautiful and useful, as when in her OWN *house*, surrounded by her children, giving them what instruction she is capable of, or devising some plan of intellectual entertainment. Depend on it, men and women, that this is the GRANDEST position in this *terrestrial world for a WOMAN*, and this home-audience is nearer and sweeter to the affectionate heart of a mother whose brain is *properly* developed than all the applause and *flatteries* that the *outer world* can bestow. It is among the *household* congregation where woman's influence can *achieve so much*, and *reign paramount* ; not the *court-room*, the *pulpit*, nor the *rostrum*.

There is much we women can do for society without being lawyers, parsons, soldiers, sailors, railroad-conductors, firemen, engineers, street-pavers, or coal-carriers ; and I affirm that *all* women who want the *privilege* of men, each of them according to their education, should be *made* to accept one of these prominent positions. I approve of women-doctors, not from *affectation* and mock-modesty ; for I decidedly think there was more of this *genuine* and *beautiful trait* of manly and womanly purity in our *grandmothers'* days than in the present age. But I am of opinion, that when women understand anatomy, and become aware of the evil effects that the present mode of treatment has on their system, and how

antagonistic many of the present customs are to fine health, we will have in another generation or two properly-developed women, who will not be afraid that having children will make them *look* or *feel* older, but *add* to, rather than *take* from, their youthful appearance. It seems to me that some of the women of the present day would like, if they knew how, to turn the world upside down, and inside out, before the time decreed that it shall come to pass. For more than twenty years, this "woman's-rights question" has been agitated, and with no good results, but making many weak-minded females discontented with their lot. Grace Darling did not ask to have woman's rights because she did a noble deed and actually a manly service, and acted as greatly and as bravely as ever mortal did on earth, as ever General did on the *battlefield* covered with the *gory wounded* and the dead. She faced *death* with no *mortal power* near to *aid her*. How truly she exemplified her philanthropy! and how firm must her faith have been in God's omnipotent, omnipresent, eternal power! And yet, when her pious efforts were successfully accomplished, and hundreds of the highest classes were rushing to see her, she shrank from public notice, and became the *reserved, bashful maiden* again! What true woman, who has read the Lives of St. Margaret of Scotland, and St. Elizabeth of Hungary, those sweetest of women, those purest of saints, but must feel proud of belonging to their sex? — daughters of a regal race, and wives of heroes,

who attended on lepers, and administered to their wants with a mother's tenderness, *their* fair hands performing offices that *their own* mothers shrank from in disgust. I was told by a friend, that Mrs. Abbot of Philadelphia, a Quaker lady, had, to her knowledge from her pure Christianly love for her sisters in affliction, like a ministering angel, risen hundreds from the depths of poverty who were verging into *crime*, and many who had *fallen* from woman's *high estate*, and guided them up once again into the path of rectitude and honor. And all these deeds of mercy were done in secrecy, and never *blazoned* before the *public*. This was the beautiful charity Solomon meant when he said, "He that hath mercy on the poor lendeth to the Lord." When I was in London last, I saw a superb engraving of Mrs. Frye's first visit to Newgate. There she sat, with her Bible in her hand, surrounded by one MASS of human degradation, each gaping visage deeply stamped with *vice of long standing*, which makes it more hideous to behold. And yet her sweet and gentle voice subdued the very women who had been most OBDURATE; women who had actually *fought* with their keepers. How beautifully these holy traits of female character prove to us that the really great are usually the most retiring, and thirst not for fame! Florence Nightingale, who sacrificed her health for the love she bore her race, and has been for *nine* years confined to her room, caused by the hardships she encountered at the "Crimean War," is still work-



ing faithfully and earnestly to carry out, to the *end* of her *self-denying life*, the mighty work that she feels *God has decreed she shall finish*. Noble woman! She does not thirst for the *unquenchable* water called *Fame* in this world, but only the *holy* water of life that *Christ* has left in one large *baptismal* stream to his followers, to carry them *safely* away from this *rugged world* into the *vast sea of eternity*. And America can claim HER share of great women, who showed their true heroism during the Revolution of '76 without asking to have MEN'S *rights*, although they *actually did men's work*. But it was for their *country*, their *husbands*, and their *children*; not because they wished to go out of their *sphere*. And glad enough were these NOBLE SPECIMENS of WOMANHOOD to go back into their homes again, where they could calmly enjoy their *domestic associations*.

How beautifully Schiller describes this love of fame!—

“What shall I do lest life in silence pass?”

“And if it do,

And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,

What needst thou rue?

Remember, aye, the ocean-deeps are mute,

The shallows roar:

“Worth is the ocean; fame is but the bruit

Along the shore.”

“What shall I do to be forever known?”

“Thy duty ever.”

“This did full many who yet slept unknown.”

“Oh, never, never!”

“Think’st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown  
Whom thou know’st not?

By angel trumps in *heaven their* praise is blown;  
*Divine* their lot.”

“What shall I do to gain eternal life?”

“Discharge aright

The simple dues with which each day is rife;  
Yea, with all thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,  
Will life be fled;

While he who ever acts as conscience cries  
Shall live, though dead.”

NOTE ON HEALTH.—Some persons exclaim, “*Night-air* is bad, I tell you!” What a stupid speech! How can we have *day-air* at *night*? and must we not have air? My father had his children taken out the day *after birth*; and we were all remarkable for our health. When I became a mother, Mr. Boone agreed with me, that, if children required the open air the day *after* they enter this world, they needed it quite as much the *first* day; and my nine children that *lived* were taken into the air the *first* day they saw the *light*. Two out of the other three died before they left the room. Lora Gordon was born on the 1st of December, at half-past three, A.M.; and at eight o’clock she was *out*! The nurse refused to take the child in the air; but my servant obeyed me. And no human being ever looked more like Hygeia HERSELF than this child. She was the first of my children that appeared as an infant prodigy; and the “busy-bodies” were constantly exclaiming, “O Mrs. Boone, you’ll kill that child!” and she looking like the freshest of roses. I used to reply, “Take care of your own wan, sickly children, and I’ll attend to mine!”—and I did. I have many a time, since she was a woman, insisted that she should

wash her pink cheeks to show doubtful persons they were painted by *Nature*, and not by "The Bloom of Youth," sold in drug-stores.

All my plans of rearing children succeeded *well*. My daughters were just such girls as Fanny Fern hopes the next generation will be,— fine, full-chested, large-brained women, able to walk, and able to eat, and without one atom of affectation. Mothers, never be frightened at fresh air. Gordon's first child at nine months' old weighed twenty-eight pounds. So you observe that being taken out at five hours old, in December, and subsequently appearing as a Liliputian reader from Shakspeare, *did not kill her*, as my sweet friends *prognosticated*. Fresh air and cold water\* (both internally and externally) will keep *wrinkles away* longer than any other application on earth. I am a good specimen of this truth; for I am ALWAYS taken for ten years younger than I am, and very frequently fifteen. And, when I have had my numerous family around me, I have actually had to *swear* they were mine,— so youthful was my appearance. Whenever I see the slightest semblance of a wrinkle, I commence in the most *vigorous* manner with cold water five or six times a day till they disappear. Remember this, young ladies: begin at once.

\* Tea I have found a most refreshing beverage. I have drunk very strong tea for twenty-nine years. It agrees with me, although some people protest against it.

## CHAPTER IV.

Contains a Few More Ideas of the Power that True Women possess to disseminate Good without asking for *Men's Rights*, and *One Solid Question*: Did God mean Man and Woman to follow the Same Vocation, or to be co-equal? No. My Reason for it.

I HAVE mixed with women, wealthy and poor, in *private* life, whose glowing goodness sent forth happiness everywhere, — just as the rose does its delicious odor, wherever it may be planted, whether in the cottage-garden or the *rich* man's conservatory, — *generous*, *lovely*, and intellectual; and, although they were *never* publicly heard of, these qualities were felt, not only by those whom Nature has taught to fly to them to be soothed in their childish sorrow or *manly* grief, but by ALL their surroundings, from the servants up to their *nearest* and *dearest* friend, their *husbands*; women who do not want to impress you that they possess either the sublimity of an angel, or the powerful intellect of a great man, and are not ashamed of being *only* women. It is such women as these that have sent forth our *great* men, — men whose grand actions and mighty deeds are known all *over* the world, and will be *forever* remem-

bered; and in reading their lives you will generally find that they had true women for mothers. For as I *remarked* in a lecture I delivered twice in Tremont Temple, entitled "An Appeal to Mothers, on Taste," "*Good men*" — for *no* man can be *great* unless he is *good*: a man may be a great politician, a great artist, a great poet, &c.; but, unless he combines goodness, he is simply *the* great *politician*, the great *artist*, the great *poet*, but not the *great man* that *God* meant him to be, — "Good men, I say, in speaking of their earliest thoughts, *feelings*, *sentiments*, and actions, will with pride recount that their *highest*, *holiest*, and most *lasting* impressions were inculcated by their mothers. How proud we women ought to feel, that such a mighty province was ordained for us to fill! but I fear there are but few of us who carry out the many obligations devolving on us, and incumbent upon us to exercise and to execute faithfully, as meant by Him who honored us with this sacred name. And yet there is no *earthly* love so *pure*, and so *thoroughly* disinterested, as the love of a good woman for her child: it is the holiest of loves, because it is entirely divested of passion, it is entirely divested of *self*. I think a woman shows her superior intellectuality by cheerfully accepting the calling, and that it is quite evident the *Creator* intended her for *woman*, *wife*, and *mother*; and shrink from circles who attempt to undermine, deride, and ridicule their appointed sphere.

When God created man in his own image, he said, "*It*

is not good that man should live alone: I will make him a helpmeet." Now, had God meant to create merely a companion, capable of following the same pursuits, and capable of the same herculean labors that evidently is meant to be man's destiny, why, he would have made *another man*. But no! When God caused a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, he took out one of his ribs, and made a *woman*, — a being in EVERY WAY MAN'S OPPOSITE. And, after they ate of the tree of knowledge, God said to the woman, "Thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall *RULE over thee*. And unto Adam he said, "Because thou hast *hearkened* unto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree which I commanded thee, saying, *Thou shalt* not eat of it, cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life;" thus plainly demonstrating to us, that MAN was meant to *rule*. Bear in mind that God was *angry* because Adam HEARKENED unto the voice of his WIFE; and Adam called his wife Eve because she was the mother of all living. So it is clear to be seen, that woman was meant to attend to the duties of a mother in caring for her offspring, and man was intended to labor as the provider for her whom he chooses as a helpmeet, and those whom, through God's wise ordinance, he helps to propagate. Woman has natural nourishment sent to her for the babe long before she is able to leave her couch. Is not this knowledge *sufficient* evidence to ALL THINKING persons, that our spheres and callings are

*widely different?* Surely, the very opposite formation of man and woman physically, ought to convince us of this *sterling fact*.

Man was given a more powerful frame to carry out the arduous tasks *assigned* for him. Man was given a more capacious intellect to carry out his *great powers of invention and investigation*. EVERY GREAT *invention* has emanated from MAN, and been carried out by MAN. Man was meant to be the substantial *Iron Pillar* for the woman and her offspring to lean upon. Man's brain is decidedly capable of a greater range of action, and depth of thought, than woman's. Our perceptive organs are KEENER; our *instincts* CLEARER, and *generally* QUICKER; our *impulses* often *better*: but, when terse reasoning is called in question, we fail to reach *man's* standing. We have *never* had a female Shakspeare, a female Milton, a female Homer, a Chaucer, or a Dickens; we have never had a woman Plato, nor a woman Socrates: but, I am sorry to say, we have THOUSANDS of XANTIPPES; and hundreds of men could be mentioned, that no woman has ever yet been *co-equal with*. The idea of lovely woman, that great men have written so many exquisite poems about, wishing to look or act like a man, is *unnatural*; and every thing *not* natural ought to be *repugnant* to the sensible and refined. This great wish among some women, to have the world think that they possess masculine power, generally proceeds from persons who wish to create a sensation, and fail to do so in the station

they belong. When a woman wishes to go out of her natural element, you may be certain there is *some*, if not visible, *hidden* reason : she has been either very much *wronged* in her proper *womanly* rights, or her intellect is below *par*, and she is desirous of being thought greater than her sex generally ; *instead*, she discovers to us her own littleness. I never saw a handsome woman a bloomer yet. These people seem to wish to be what it is impossible for them ever to become, — “men.” Such proceedings remind me of vulgar people telling us that pork was so *lovely*, that it ate just like CHICKEN, and that veal stuffed ate like TURKEY, and *ducks* like GEESE. Now, when I buy those articles, I want them to eat precisely like what they *are* : just as, when a man marries, he invariably expects to find his wife a woman. A young, shapeless female I used to know, living in one of the turnings-out of Bleecker Street, New York, was always trying to impress me with the idea, that intellectual people were never stout. In speaking of thin people, she would exclaim, “They are such ethereal, spiritual beings!” The same young lady informed my Willie, that no intellectual person ever ate pork. And yet how many of our greatest men have been reared in farmhouses, where they could get but little else of meat kind ! I wonder if she knows that dogs won’t touch pork ; but, perhaps, they are only the *spiritual* and *intellectual* breed. The poor diseased lepers in Jerusalem never touch pork ; and I never heard they were noted for either their *purity* of blood, or *clearness* of brain.



One day I said to her, "My young friend, as you dress fine, go to watering-places, Paris, and parties, no doubt some time you will get married, and remember my words: Your husband will be very much shocked and disappointed to find you a *spirit*, instead of a *woman*." \* She never mentioned this word before me again. It is this maudlin, affected sentiment that ruins half the girls of the present day. I know a great number of meagre-minded women, who attempt to deride a fine, natural, womanly form, and a fresh color, calling it *vulgar*; and, to my ocular knowledge, their *complexion* is purchased at chemists, and their *figures* at the *corset-makers*. I pray to Heaven that my children and I may retain our health; and we will run ALL RISK of being mistaken for vulgar *plebeians*.

\* This young person is not a Spiritualist, but a Catholic.

## CHAPTER V.

**A** Long One. Asks Another Solid Question : Are Women True Friends to Each Other? No, — not as a Body, decidedly not. Another Cause for the Increase of Crime, with a Description of my Hospital Friends, and Three Butterflies with the Shape and Sting of a Wasp, and meant for *Women*.

**R**EADER, I am now going back to the first subject in this volume, — the gas catastrophe. I informed you, that I remember nothing from Saturday, twelve, A.M., until I found myself in the hospital. I shall never forget how strange I felt on regaining my senses. I beheld about fifty beds, with fifty heads, and the eyes of Argus upon me. My little girl was in the bed next to me, and explained every thing. I felt very weak, with dull, heavy pains in my chest. I must now take this opportunity of saying a few words about our treatment while in this excellent institution.

The doctors, Burnett and Stoddard, were most kind and attentive to us all, and much attracted by my children. As to Mr. Thomas Brennan, the superintendent of Bellevue, I know not how to speak highly enough of him. He acted the part of a brother, or, rather, how a

brother ought to act,\* through all our trouble: indeed, his Christianly conduct to the patients and poor unhappy prisoners is well *worthy of note*. His benevolence is as gigantic as his person, which makes him quite remarkable; for he is six feet four inches high, and, of course, his heart is proportionately *large*. If every person connected with such asylums treated these poor misguided people in the same considerate way, there would be ten times *less crime* at the present *moment*; for it is quite evident the *human heart yearns* for sympathy and *kind* words, even when its *transgressions* have brought it to so *low* an ebb. And it has been made manifest by recent disclosures, that *savage brutality* is *not* the mode to *adopt* for *reformation*. Mr. Brennan has much of the wit of his father's nation; and several times he has made me laugh most heartily at his description of the arrival of the "Boone Family" at the Bellevue, on Sunday, the 14th of December, 1867, at two, A.M. On many occasions since, we have given readings there before all the doctors and patients: indeed, every person who could leave his bed was present; and the poor prisoners were not forgotten by Mr. Brennan, who gave them the top gallery all to themselves. And I must add, I never read before a more

\* My *own* beloved brothers never came near me; and my sister, who had with her husband been to see me a few nights previously, rushed out of the city on hearing of my trouble, and never wrote me one line to cheer me or my children. They were ashamed that the world should know of their brutal neglect; and yet these good people do not speak to each other when they meet.

orderly audience, much to the credit of the management of this establishment; and would to God we had more of such men at the head of every institution of this kind, both in England and America! My first visitors were two of the sisters from St. Stephen's. I need scarcely speak of their kindness; for we all know what these ladies are noted for. The older one, about thirty-two, I afterwards learned had given an immense fortune to the Church previous to entering a life of devotion to God and his creatures. The other sister, numbering about seventeen years, possessed a countenance that gave me pleasure to behold, — so gentle, so guileless, so fresh, so fair and beautiful, such a contrast to some of the faces I had looked upon that morning, that I could scarcely keep my eyes from her. My soul was gladdened to see the *tear* of *sympathy* fall upon the cheek of youth, *beauty*, and *innocence*, in its *holy purity*, as *uncontaminated* as the *dew-drop* from *heaven* resting on the *spotless lily* of the valley. Next came Father Mc-Avoy, who spoke soothingly to me; and I felt calmer before he departed. Then came the head sister, with another, from St. Joseph. She is a lady of rare qualifications, and had for some time felt a deep interest in my children, and offered, as soon as they were farther advanced, to take them in her academy free of expense. She was deeply pained at my position, and bade me remember how Christ, who was *without* sin, had suffered so bitterly for *all*. This lady had, on the Thanksgiving

previous, tendered to me the use of the schoolroom of St. Joseph, with the permission of Father Farrell; and our reading was honored with the presence of the Rev. Dr. Parsons, and the Rev. Father O'Leary, and all the sisters, with their pupils. To me there is something perfectly sublime in the holy life these good Samaritans lead; they are so zealous in pointing out the true path to happiness (religion), and yet so *humble*, so *meek*. After our interview, I was self-possessed, and quite ready to meet coming trouble.

My next visitor was the very *reverse* of those who had just left me. A middle-aged woman entered, wearing a large mink cape, small bonnet, large waterfall, the wrinkles round her eyes painted white, and her cheeks red, with her veil tightly drawn upon her face. She had a long, thin nose, on which she wore gold spectacles. She advanced towards my bed, and asked if I remembered her. I knew her voice instantly. It is rather a peculiar faculty I possess, — let me hear a voice once, and I will know that voice, when hearing it, twenty years after. I had engaged this woman, sixteen years before, to sing between my children's readings, simply that they might rest, and not be over-fatigued. At the expiration of three weeks, I discharged her, as I soon found out I was paying fifteen dollars per week for *discordant* sounds, instead of harmonious ones. She was a person most distasteful, both to Mr. Boone and myself; dressed very gaudily, wore a large quantity of common jewelry, and talked loud at the public table.

I scarcely ever spoke to her unless business demanded it, for we seldom met; I invariably having my meals in my own room. In public, she defined herself by the romantic name of Miss Lizzie Linsey. I once went to her house, and heard a boy call her Lizzie, whom I subsequently found out was her son. This abject vanity disgusted me completely; for at that time I had seven children, although younger than her: and I can scarcely describe how *proud* I felt when *my first child* called me by my *new* name, — *mother*. Having children has kept up the *poetry* of my life. The two matrons of the hospital stood by my bedside; and to them she praised me in the most enthusiastic manner, saying how I had labored to bring up my large family. As I listened, her voice jarred upon my ear; for I felt she had not *one atom* of interest for me or mine, and that it was merely to make herself conspicuous in the affair, that she had come. I detest to be flattered by people I dislike, by people who are uncongenial, by people whom I *FEEL* are my inferiors in principle and actions. There are persons who like to be admired and looked up to by *any* class, provided they are the *HEAD*; and I would rather be *least* among those whom I knew possessed more knowledge and more wisdom than myself, so as to enable me, by the association, to add something *great* to the stock I already possess, than to be the head of a set of grovelling toadies, who would *flatter* my *weak points* to *fatten* themselves upon. I am *impervious* to such *sycophantic sycophants*! On

leaving, she said she would meet me the next day at Jefferson Market, where I was to appear before Judge Ledwith.

Reader, I wish you to understand that this woman was not the slightest use as a witness ; she being entirely ignorant of the *whole* affair further than I chose to tell her. The last time I had seen her was in the street, thirteen years before : so you will perceive, that she knew nothing of me, or my mode of living. I must not forget to mention, that Mr. Henry Greenfield, of 2, Nassau Street, came and offered his services, free of charge, and said his partner, Mr. Williamson, would be happy to assist him. And I hope yet to be able to show these gentleman, substantially, the gratitude I feel for their chivalrous and sympathetic conduct in that hour of tribulation, which is the *right time* to test *true men* and *true friendship*. I was quite proud of my counsel ; for there are not two men of a higher tone of mind, character, and standing, in America. Mr. James McLennon kindly offered his services ; but my counsel thought they would be able to manage without further aid. Still, he commanded my respect, just as if he had been required. While I was in a state of semi-unconsciousness, it seems I had been asked if I had taken poison ; and some persons standing by say that I answered, " Yes." I do not remember being asked. The next day, at the court, I saw the women who came as witnesses against me ; having heard me answer *yes* to the question referred to.

I will give you a brief description of the ladies who *ruled* the *house*. They had many *male friends*, who seemed to take a great interest in their *welfare*. They had plenty of money, and plenty of fine dresses. They were both women about forty, and would still have been handsome, had it not been so evident, by their manners and general appearance, that they had led that *loose* life which so *quickly* leaves its indelible mark upon a woman's face, and cannot be disguised by even youth, and perfection of features. This look, once stamped upon the face of the young girl, is painful to behold; but, by the time a woman has arrived at the meridian of life, it becomes *revolting*.\* There these women stood in all their artificial bloom of degradation, attesting to a lie, — that I had taken laudanum, and given it to my children. What a glorious thing to know that science has arrived to such perfection that the perjurers were baffled in their murderous design! The excellent testimony of officer Andrew Ray, of Fifteenth Precinct, who first saw me, contradicted all that these women attempted to *affirm*. He described every thing in the most graphic manner;

\* I am a natural physiognomist. I am rarely deceived in a face. I think the expression of the countenance is the truest index of the mind, showing whether the higher or lower feelings predominate. Every base or exalting thought tells its own tale. Every *wrinkle* has a *history*, if we only knew it. I can never forget the horrible expression on the woman Smith's face, as she looked out through the glass door of her shop, and saw me in the carriage with my four children. NEVER! I felt if I had gone *into that house*, I should not have left it *ALIVE*. Such was my impression *then*; and, after mature consideration, it still lasts; and I feel it was God's mercy that she refused to admit me.



and that the room was searched, but no bottle of any description could be found. Added to this, was the Drs. Perry, Stoddard, and Burnett's corroboration, that our illness had proceeded from the effects of *gas*, and not *laudanum*. Mrs. E. E. Smith and Mrs. Thomas Elliot had tried to cultivate my acquaintance without the slightest success. I never allowed them in my room; and the great complaint against me in every house I have lived in is, that I am proud, because I make it a rule never to cultivate the acquaintance of people in boarding-houses, lodging-houses, or hotels.

One paper said that I was haughty, and kept myself closely shut up the whole time, and that my children seemed to inherit this peculiar trait of character, as they were never seen playing with other *children*. Reader, is it, because I have been reduced, through uncontrollable circumstances, to live among a class that are repugnant to me, — is it to follow that I am to make these people my companions? Certainly not. How would you like to be made to associate with each individual you come in contact with in a *car*, *omnibus*, or *eating-saloon*? This would be slavery of the strongest type, which I shall never submit to. These fair ladies, finding me firm in my determination, became dreadfully incensed against me; and the time had arrived for their revenge.

When the judge asked me what I had to say to the charge made by Mrs. Elliot and Smith, I replied,

“Your Honor, I do not think such women ought to be allowed as witnesses at *all*. I would not permit them to enter my apartments; and they are full of malignant spleen.” Luckily for me, Mrs. Elliot was well known at the court by the policemen and lawyers, as having been there many times under circumstances *not* of the most favorable nature. I could not help thinking, at the time, what a *mockery* all this investigation *was*, *even* had I *committed* the foul act; for three doors from the rooms I lived in is the stylish house of Dr. and Mrs. Grindle, where there are hundreds of “*fashionable murders*” committed yearly. And *twice* the papers have *teemed* with accounts of the unhappy mothers dying; and, on the last occasion, the child was not to be found, although born alive, — and nothing done to either the doctor or his lady!

O Ward Beecher! I thank thee again for teaching me these words, “Justice stinks!” Was it at all likely that *I* could commit such a revolting deed? — *I*, who had for years unceasingly suffered “poverty and toil and care,” and worked hard to rear my large family? — *I*, who sold the only diamond-ring I ever possessed (that had been an heir-loom in my husband’s family for two hundred years) rather than that my daughters should accept an engagement as readers, for a salary of ten pounds per week each, when in London? — (But they were to go forth alone; and I would *not* consent. These are *stubborn facts*.) — *I*, who can say with truth that *I*

never let poverty frighten me from my *duty*, nor the *want* of *money* tempt me to evil; for which I PRAISE THEE, O GOD, and bless the memory of my *mother*?

I was honorably acquitted, and sent for a carriage to take us home to our apartments. Remember, they were *paid for in advance*! and these two courtesans locked me out. All my valuable duplicates were stolen; nearly all my papers taken or burnt; over forty of Samuel Drew's letters to my mother destroyed, which I had meant to publish; and Mrs. Boone's "will," wherein she mentioned having loaned five thousand pounds to a member of the Kirkpatrick family, which she hoped would yet be returned, and, if so, my children and *I* would be the recipients, — this was *gone*! Three dozen of clean clothes brought home by the washerwoman the morning of the accident, new blankets and comforters, — in fact, every thing I possessed, — were so mangled and broken, that they were rendered quite useless to me. These articles were removed by the order of John Roberts, son of Daniel Roberts, the landlord (of Long Island), into a cellar without a lock or key; and every person helped themselves; and it was seven weeks before the woman Elliot would allow the few things that *did* remain to leave the house, although I sent a cart three times to get them. And the whole of this time I was paying *ten dollars per week* for furnished apartments! And all the redress I obtained from John Roberts, Mrs. E. E. Smith's *particular* FRIEND, was fifty dollars for

being locked out (nothing for the thefts committed); and a man by the name of Dusenbury took *twenty dollars* for getting it. Here was justice to the soldier's widow! — shut out in the snow with four children. We had to give up the carriage, as the man was going to a funeral; and, being Sunday, we found it difficult to get a suitable place; and, from being exposed on this bitter day, my youngest child's *leg festered*, and he was *twelve weeks* in the *hospital*. And I lost my voice for two months. I learned there were hundreds of persons who called to assist me; and these two women, Smith and Elliot, informed them that I had thousands of dollars sent me; so that I was worse off than ever, — without my furniture, and paying a heavy rent; and all I received was one hundred and forty-six dollars from the late Mr. Raymond, proprietor of "The New-York Times," thirty-four dollars from Mr. Brennan, and ten dollars from the British consul. So, had it not been for the kind gentlemen who responded to Mr. Raymond's appeal in my behalf, I would have been nearly destitute. I shall never forget his Christian "*mercy*," which is "*mightiest in the mightiest*," and is, indeed, "*an attribute to God himself*," who has since been pleased to summon his spirit away to the bright company of angels. I called on Mr. Raymond, and had an agreeable conversation, which I shall recount in a work I am now writing, entitled "*Anna Boone's Life-Battle with the Barbarians of the Nineteenth Century*." Mr. D. O. C.

Townly, of "The Times," kindly came to see me twice. He it was who paid the money to me; consequently, knows the truth of my statement. I must mention, that Mrs. Elliot has been imprisoned, since this affair, for beating the man she was living with (Elliot), in the open street; and, the last account I heard of her, she was spending a few months at a rural retreat known by the name of "The Island." And Mrs. E. E. Smith was hooted out of the street, and dare not show her face in that vicinity. And these two women\* were the cause of all the *misrepresentations* in the papers. The ladies who called little knew that they were holding conversation with two women that earned their living by their depravity.

There had been sent for me, to the house of the woman with the painted face, the mink cape, and the gold spectacles, three elegant coats, worth two hundred dollars, to be used for my boys; besides flannel, and many other articles. The gentleman who gave these clothes lives in the Fifth Avenue, and he was quite astonished to learn I had seen nothing of them. He informed me, that, when he first heard of the affair, he was so shocked, that he packed up every thing within his reach; and the coats he had only worn two or three times. The lady who took them to her house thought this woman was a friend of mine, little thinking she would prove a robber. I wrote to her on

\* And a villanous policeman named Gillan.

the subject; but she gave no answer, simply sending me ten dollars, and a verbal message, that the things were sold. She called at the hospital, and *vilified* me to the very matrons to whom she had *praised* me *previously*. They thought there was something wrong, but could not define what could have caused such a great alteration in her sentiments. Of course, she had kept away from me, fearing I would find out all about her purloining the clothes. The people at the court thought she was a wealthy woman, with her sweeping moire antique, and three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar cape. She implored me not to acquaint these persons that I had employed her, because she wished the judge to think she lived in the Fifth Avenue, from her expensive dress. She spoke of her cook and housemaid before the men at the court, and implied that she was living in grand style; and her real position was occupying a part of a house in the Fourth Avenue, with three other families, keeping a few boarders, with a maid of ALL WORK. Her husband is a decent mechanic, whom, she informed me, she had married for a *home*, but said she could not love him, as he was her *inferior* in every way. Oh, this cursed marrying for a home! Many an excellent man is taken in thus, for a home and fine dress, or as a *cover* for the way to obtain it. Her father, when I first saw her, was one of the *old* “*Sun*” CARRIERS. During the few days I was in bondage, I gave her twenty dollars to get hats and furs for my little girls, and other requi-

sites to appear in court. When they came, I felt ashamed to look at them. They had on purple cotton-velvet hats bound with *red*, a *blue* feather-tip in one, and a *pink* in the other (they cost fifty cents each); ragged furs, for which she gave five dollars for the two sets, and I saw nothing of my change.\* She told Dr. Perry that she had footed all my bills; and to me she imparted a great secret, — that her husband had failed, and she had not twenty dollars in the world. So I suppose *my* *twenty* came in excellent season. She invited Dan up to her house, made him deliver some of his lectures, *took up a collection*, and *took* care to *keep it*. He had a gold dollar given him; and she begged that from the child for a *keepsake*. She told Grace and Myrtle that she had given them the articles referred to, and informed every other person the same (I knew nothing of this at the time); and they believed her, and bowed to her in the most obsequious manner, — not because they knew her, and respected her for her *moral worth*, *charities*, or her *intellect*, *but* because they counted the worth of every article she had on. Oh, these *flashy-dressed butterflies*! Oh, these gaudy peacocks! Oh, these *parrots*, with a coat of many colors! how these croaking *imitators* of their betters are bowed down to and worshipped by the many! But, thank God! there is still left an immense class of intellectual, intelligent, and

\* I went to the store, and found this out.

naturally-refined persons, who would much prefer the society and plain brown dress of the nightingale, or the gray dress of the mocking-bird, with their volume of *rich melody*, that charms us when we are happy, and *soothes* us in our *bitterest sorrow*; yes, and even the society of the petit sparrow and the robin, whose more humble efforts apprise us that the fresh, bright spring has arrived, and the *radiant summer* is near at hand. Who of us, I wonder, has not listened, and felt their spirit gladdened at the heavenly greeting of these natural warblers, when remembering that our Father, in his infinite mercy, has granted us *sweet life* for another season, to enjoy the purity of this *heavenly oratorio*, shouting forth his praises, and making us feel that the *Spirit of God is among us*? And, in my estimation, all the combined efforts of the great men cannot approach in divineness this celestial concert *one atom* nearer than the tower of Babel did to Jehovah's throne. No *malice*, *hatred*, slandering, among these musicians; nothing but sunny, genial harmony in their concert-room, the largest in the WORLD, — the *universe*. How clearly God has illustrated to us, through these inspired minstrels, that, if fine feathers do make fine birds, *intrinsic worth* is far preferable to merely a handsome *exterior*, whether in *person* or *dress*, and shows us that a sweet voice or a great mind is frequently incased in a plain outer garb, which will burst forth at some time, just as the *sun* does from beneath a *black cloud*, to give joy to our hearts!



Men and women, it would be a difficult matter with my pen for me to express to you the gratitude I feel to God for giving me this keen relish for the wondrous and manifold signs of his love that he sends to us in so mysterious a manner to *lift us up* from out of this world's *mire*, to *soar* even in its *midst*. When we have been suffering our very poorest, living in lonely obscurity, and feeling more than usually depressed with my vicissitudes, and suddenly the sun has beamed in upon us with his kindly smile, I have thanked my Maker that I was spared to receive his genial warmth, which came to greet me like a pure celestial spirit, kindling up my *higher* feelings, and clearly manifesting to me that I was still remembered by Him whose pleasure it has been to so severely chastise me. It is this gift from above that has been made a part of my very being, that has enabled me to bear my trials, and feel joyous at times, and comparatively happy, and prefer *insulted poverty* to respected, ill-begotten ease and affluence.

Reader, a short time ago I received a letter from a London lady, who stands high both socially and intellectually, wherein she was pleased to compare me to some eminent women whose lives were noted for almost unceasing tribulation. She continued, "How wonderfully you have borne up under such a continuation of goading insults which are usually lavished upon the poor!" I replied, "My friend, when we can pass through these ordeals uncontaminated; when we can

*withstand* the fiery temptations that are cast in the very teeth of poverty; when we still possess our fresh relish for the beautiful, the intellectual, and the sublime; when we can retain that bright cheerfulness which is such a welcome guest to every well-seasoned fireside; when we can feel that God is chastening us for his own wise purpose; and that it is to purify us, and not *debase us*, that he lets us suffer, — it is THEN we can *defy* the *stinging insults* of this *cold, heartless world*.”

When the “*mink cape*” heard I was acquitted, she threw her arms round my neck, and kissed me about ten times without stopping, and shrieked, “*Free, free!*” I hate women to kiss me, unless we are intimate friends of long standing.

I have seen women kiss who despised each other most heartily. I have witnessed kissing and vilifying in one *short* half-hour by the same dear friends. I wish I had as many pounds at this moment as I have had ocular proof of these fulsome, hypocritical performances. I am sorry to say that women, as a body, have but little genuine sympathy for their *own sex*: and I firmly believe this is one reason why we have so many unhappy girls led astray; for, as I remarked before, human hearts yearn for sympathy, even when their actions have not borne the standing test of what is *called morality*. I am certain men generally have more genuine feeling than women, and are not as prone to *slander each other*; and frequently they will do the

kindest actions to the opposite sex without one evil thought or sinister design; and young girls, with their trusting, innocent natures, accept with enthusiastic gratitude (which generally dwells in the unsophisticated youthful heart) that friendship which is so rarely offered one to another by women when most needed. Mrs. Lincoln, in her hour of prosperity, was courted and flattered; and in her hour of desolation she was *deserted*, slandered, and held up to derision. Where are the women toadies who were fluttering round her at the "White House"? Mrs. Lincoln's conduct on many occasions was not right, perhaps; but there was never a word against her character morally: and yet she has been for years denied a pension; and *thousands* of *blear-eyed*, *BLOATED drunkards* have received one without a comment upon their actions, or mode of living. Everybody admits Abraham Lincoln was a *good* man. Mrs. Lincoln was his *wife*, the mother of *his children*, whose faces must often have tingled with *burning blushes* at the rude insults heaped upon the woman who bore them. Poor Mrs. Surratt was deserted in *her* hour of trial, and *hung*; and Jeff. Davis goes *free*. O Ward Beecher! I thank thee yet again for teaching me these words "justice stinks." Women should have gone in one united body, and hindered this *foul deed*,—(a black spot on American history.)\* But, remember, the accepting of sympathy is

\* What a *terrible* fuss there was because Reverdy Johnson shook hands with the *builder* of "The Alabama"! and yet, when Mr. Greeley bailed the man

dangerous to young girls, even from men of good principles and moral worth : for the best of us, more or less, possess some of the frailties that humanity is heir to, and imperceptible evils assail us that we dream not of; and the world cries out with the loud voice of horrified delight. It has often been a subject of wonder to me to hear women, *mothers*, casting the first stone at some beautiful young orphan who may be frivolous and giddy, whose very loveliness and loneliness call forth alternately *envy*, *admiration*, and sympathy, — to hear them pronounce the impending fate without one arm stretched out to save her; and should the result be all they have predicted, and the once joyous spirit of the poor child is crushed, and she is glad to seek refuge in some asylum to hide from those who would sneer and reproach her, these women, with the accommodating cloak of religion wrapped closely round them, will *parade* into this melancholy building with hearts as *hard* and *cold* as the stone it is composed of, and administer their sickening advice to the very girl, that, with timely tenderness, could have been saved from falling into the chasm that had nearly swallowed up body and soul. It is this laxity of proper sympathy from *woman* to *woman*, this love of slandering among our sex, that is another cause of the “increase

that was the cause of rendering tens of *thousands* of *mothers* *childless*, and little children *fatherless*, and saturating the ground with *dear blood*, a *few* were shocked, and expressed amazement; but it blew over as a nine-days' wonder, and some people began to *laud* him for the act. I think, after all, I shall turn *woman's-rights* woman, and help to turn the world upside down.

of crime." Women, there is much for us to do, if we will only do it with the right spirit, and feel that it is *our* right. Teachers can accomplish much, wives more, and mothers most.

If this was the *spirit* of the age, we would achieve more to glorify God by accepting the mission he has set for us, — more for mankind, more for ourselves, — than all the rights that the soft sex are so raving about to pass through Congress at the present time: but it must be done in the *sphere* of a *woman*; for, when we overstep the boundaries of womanhood, we lose our greatest and most valuable *gem*, our WOMANLY POWER, which charms the most obdurate, and, when properly used, has saved tens of thousands of men from entering into the *broad* path that *leads* to *destruction*. Let women stand stanch by each other in their peculiar trials, temptations, and duties, and they can conquer whatever they undertake, and accomplish *more* towards educating the rising generation of young females for the occupations they are most fitted for than all the *laws* that may pass in our favor. Let us stand by each other just as the brave General does by his men, and they by him. It is *UNITY* that can achieve so much.

Women, UNION is *power* in EVERY THING.

## CHAPTER VI.

Is another Long One, with My Three Last Solid Questions, — Is Dress, or Worth, to be respected? Are we not to honor the Respectable Poor? Yes. But do we? No. *Another Cause* for the *Increase of Crime*. Are all Men equal? No. The very Dogs teach us this; so do the Divisions of the Earth, — the *Hills* and the *Dales*, the *Mountains* and the *Valleys*, the *Richness* of One Soil, and the *Barrenness* of another: all these Natural Distinctions are *living* Proofs that *Equality does not exist, and never will here*. Equality by *Dress* only is dangerous, and another *Cause* of the Increase of Crime.

SOME time ago I saw in one of the New-York leading papers an article headed, “The Increase of Crime: where is the Remedy?”

Now I am going to give you a few more of my humble ideas on this subject. There is always some reason for every evil that exists; and I trust that I have given some good reasons already.

Let us first try to analyze the CAUSE of this increase in the present day; and, after this has been ascertained, we will be better able to decide upon an efficacious remedy. I rarely take up a paper, but I am greeted with the following announcements: “The late Bank Robbery,” “Another Robbery in Wall Street,” “Wall

Street Fraud," "Bank Robbery in Baltimore." And as to suicides, murders, and *crim. con.* cases, *they* are too numerous to identify. Permit me to say that I think the present "*Cause*" of these flagrant evils is, The false state of *society*, The *lack* of reality, The *excess* of *frivolity*, The great desire for *outside* equality, and the *dearth* of the *right kind* of entertainment for the RISING YOUTH! This state of things can scarcely help leading the masses to an increase of crime. Equality ought to be founded and based on two solid principles, — *morality* and *education*. It struck me forcibly some time ago, when I read the terrible complaints against the Board of Education, and even innuendoes as to what had been done with the enormous sums expended for these evening schools. After attending a meeting at Steinway Hall, on the 29th of March, and hearing some excellent compositions and declamations from boys and young men who are scholars of the New-York Evening High School, and had to work by day to live, — I say it struck me forcibly that the "Board" ought to have been lauded for so ably carrying out this excellent idea, — that of instituting schools for the *youth* to spend his evenings, where he can educate and ELEVATE his *intellectual powers*, which *all men* possess to *some* extent. If there was *ten times more* money expended for the rising generation in this way, I feel certain society would be benefited; and, at the end of a few years, those who are now grunting about the *enormous*

expenditure would find out that there would be less money required to keep up the *State Prisons*: for, depend on it, young men who WISH to attend school, and educate their higher tastes, show a nobility of soul that eventually will command the respect of all good people, even if they never attain what is defined "Greatness." Young men who live by the sweat of their brow, toiling for poor wages (sewing-women are not the only people who are poorly paid),\* and perhaps a sick or aged mother to assist, — I say such youths, who seek to enrich their mental capacities, clearly demonstrate to us that they are seeking after GOOD, and not EVIL. Therefore let the doors of *knowledge* be *opened wide* to those who thirst after it, — to those whose high instincts recoil from the *degraded pastimes* of the *fashionable* youth of the present day. And let us not forget that the doors of *temptation* are ALWAYS opened to their *fullest* extent, with *sirens* (women who act as catch-traps), with their painted faces and affected sweetness, to lure young men in to these swamps of iniquity; and, for want of the right kind of entertainment, in they walk. OPEN WIDE the *gate* of the *field of instruction*, with its many trees of knowledge, and let every man and boy partake of what is best suited to their minds. This is the best mode of *Decreasing* crime. This is the best remedy to insure the decrease of *crimes* that make every true mother's

\* Ice-men in the summer begin work at *two*, A.M., and labor till *six*, P.M., for fifteen dollars per week. How would some of the women like this horse-work, and so many hours' labor?



blood tingle and burn when she *reads* and *hears* of them, knowing that *her* young children have to go forth into this badly-organized state of society in the present age. Let the same kind of institutions be opened for girls; and they will gain far more than by attending all the "women's-rights" meetings in the world. If women wish to *vote*, surely they ought to be made *fit* to do so by education. Some of my readers will exclaim, "Are all *men* fitted by education? and yet *they* vote." *Certainly not.* More's the pity! Hence the reason of this state of things. I am certain that the *majority* of your voters do not understand the machinery of the constitutional government of America. And would it be wise to increase this defect in affairs by letting millions of ignorant women vote? Reader, you know that there are thousands of women to-day that would vote for two *opposite* parties at one time, if one offered them a fine dress, and the other side a pair of ear-rings. Let the HIGHEST branches of education be *attainable* for those who *wish* to DRINK of its *refreshing* draughts. Let their minds be illumined with the *beauties* of SOCIAL POWER, and every woman will find her right place, her right element, and her right sphere. Steinway Hall was crowded; and there were hundreds of boys listening in rapt attention to the excellent entertainment of the evening. R. W. Morrow's declamation, entitled "Impressment of American Seamen," was very good, and nicely delivered; but I was sorry to hear so much about

Bunker Hill, and the terrible boast of American strength, and of the Briton's weakness. I was sorry to hear such hatred evinced from such young lips to the "*old mother-land*."

Thomas Fitz Simmons delivered a capital oration on "Public Opinion," composed by himself. Oh, how charmed must his mother have been to hear him, if she was there! It was really *fine*, and *well* worthy of *printing*. A young man of the name of Cunningham recited a piece, "The Rising of '61 — Bunker Hill;" and the poor English were dragged in again.

Reader, I came to America twenty-two years ago, and I have been to divers kind of lectures; and I can safely say that I was never at one yet, but I heard about "Bunker Hill," and how the *British* got *threshed*. This is bearable from men; but from *boys* it sounds laughable, yet terrible. It reminds me of some of the "young folks" of the present day that I often meet, and because they are dressed finer than their parents, speak bad French,\* play the piano to *distress you*, they put on airs, and toss their heads at the old mother, and say, "Mother, you and father are old fogies. We are young, and know more than you do." This revengeful spirit is *sad* to *behold* in the *young*, un-Christianly in the old; and, to say the least of it, it displays bad taste at all times to the refined. I said to a man the other day, who was abusing the English, "If America is really so

\* See note at the end of this chapter.

superior to Old England, be content and grateful, but don't swagger; for *then* your dignity vanishes behind the cloud of ostentation." I recollect, when I was a girl, a gentleman taking dinner with us, whom my mother had known when a child. Every thing he undertook he prospered in. He had just then returned from Bermuda, bringing home Lord Durham's despatches to the British Parliament. This circumstance elated him greatly; and I can so well remember my mother looking at him, and saying, "Samuel, you're *drunk* with *prosperity*: bear it *grandly*, *nobly*, my friend, and don't stagger as you walk through your path strewn with fragrant flowers."

There is one great trait in John Bull's character: he appreciates every thing that is fine or great, and cares nought about whence it comes from, or where a person was born. He feels something is before him that is superior, and down he comes, *heart* and *hand*;\* and he will *not* praise his own country people simply because they are English. Miss Bateman, Miss Cushman, Miss Kellogg, Bennet, jun., and hundreds of others, can

\* When the contest was over between the Harvards and the Oxforas, and the latter came out triumphant, there was not the *slightest shadow* of *boast* in the young Englishmen; and Loring, Fay, and Blakie, on their arrival in New York, united in expressions of gratitude for the kindness received from *every one* with whom they were brought in contact while in *England*. After a long account of the whole affair, "The New-York Herald" concluded by saying, "The Harvard boys speak in terms of the highest praise of the *fair play* and *generous good feeling* manifested towards them by the members of the boat-clubs, PEOPLE, and PRESS, of England, from *first* to *last*." This is the sort of feeling that is so charming to behold.

attest to this truth. I am happy to say that I can scarcely understand this feeling of ONLY admiring the man, woman, or place, that happens to *exist under* a certain part of the broad blue sky (where *I was born*). The grandeur of Niagara Falls could not exceed their magnificence, in my estimation, if they had been created in *England*, instead of AMERICA.

I do not relish Beecher, Phillips, Chapin, Longfellow, or any of your great men's intellectual works, *one atom* LESS because the first breath they drew was on Columbia's soil; for in all these creations the hand of the *Deity* is visibly manifested to us; and when we can look upon God's great works, whether men or mountains, totally unprejudiced, the beauties are so much the greater to the beholder. Thank God, I *know* and feel this truth! This is a jewel that even gold cannot purchase. I was glad to hear the elegant manner the Americans received my beloved countryman, Dickens (the Bostonians particularly). There was a magnanimity about the reception that made my heart glow towards them. Of course, they knew that if he did give his ideas rather freely on the Americans, so he did about the evils of all nations; and to none more *copiously* and *especially* pointed than the English. I consider Dickens has done more good for the English *poor*, in exposing many of the degradations in institutions that the *world* at large knew nothing about, than two-thirds of our bombastic clergymen. I was much shocked

to learn of the un-Christianly gathering of the “*HOLY men*” at the Temple, “*casting stones*” at one unable to speak for *himself*, giving their *puny judgment* of the *whereabouts* of this man’s *soul*. They must surely have forgotten Christ’s divine words, “*Judge not, lest ye be judged.*” “*Condemn not, lest YE be condemned.*” \* I was glad to see the “Press” so unanimously disgusted. † A Boston paper compared Mr. Fulton to a “*live ass kicking a dead LION.*” As I advance in years and experience, I cannot but feel the beneficent *mercy* of a *HOLY God* to poor *erring sinners*, and the *merciless brutality of sinners one to another*. These observations have assisted my education greatly.

In my own family, this unfortunate antagonistic feeling frequently manifests itself. Daniel was born in America: so would Willie have been, if I had waited two months longer this side of the Atlantic. Consequently, they have bickerings about things that they do not comprehend. Kings, Presidents, schools, laws, and customs, are discussed between these eleven and fifteen years old *young men*, in a manner sometimes most laughable to hear. When these learned youths go too far, I tell them of an old shepherd I once heard of, who

\* “For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved.” — John iii. 17.

† I must publicly thank the Rev. W. R. Alger for the grand sermon he delivered at Music Hall, June 19, 1870, on “*The Christian Genius and Memory of Charles Dickens.*” Likewise the Rev. B. F. Bowles of Cambridge: a lady told me it was superb.

suddenly became very rich ; and, after building an elegant mansion, he reserved *one* room for his cottage-furniture, clothes, and crook. And, whenever he felt getting *proud*, he would unlock this room-door, and take a look at these articles, so as to remember what he *sprang from*. So I tell these boys to remember two things : first, Master America, that he must read the history of his country, and he will find that it was founded and peopled by the *English* ; and that, when the *first* war took place, it was *actually* a *civil war*, — *English* against ENGLISH ! Secondly, I tell my *young John Bull* to bear in mind, that if the “*Old Bull*” had not been so fond of using his horns of tyranny, and showing his *cloven* foot of oppression ONCE TOO *often*, *harmony*, and not *discord*, would have reigned ; and, although the mighty Atlantic divided their abodes, the hearts and interests of these two nations would have been cemented by true *love*, which would have endured FOREVER. I think it would be well for us all, sometimes, if, like the old shepherd, we took a glance at the certainty of what we *sprang from*, — the EARTH, — and (notwithstanding all we hear, read, and see) the uncertainty of our destination when we DO “cast off our mortal coil.” If we carried these thoughts uppermost in our minds in our daily walk of life, I firmly believe we would be more *tender* and *considerate* one to another ; and there would be an increase of real happiness, and a decrease in crime, at the present moment, among every class, whether *rich* or *poor*.

I cannot help feeling the sterling truth of a fine speech delivered by Gen. Joseph Hooker to the soldiers, at the conclusion of the late war. He said, "The glory is due, not to us *alone* who have commanded, but those who have suffered, *night and day*, to bring it *about*, — to those who *slept* in *trenches*, and who *fought*, and who *bled*, on the battle-field; to those who followed *my* orders, and the orders of *others* elsewhere." What genuine philanthropy was expressed in this speech! its chief beauty and eloquence consisting in its simplicity and its truth. This address was to all the soldiers; and no mention of country was made. I hate to hear people say, "He's only an Irishman; he's only a Dutchman;" and so on. The Americans should exclaim, "We care not where his birthplace may be situated, *we* know he is a *Union* man!" This is the word for Americans to look to, — "union." It is "union" makes marriage holy. It is "union" makes *all* our different societies of long standing. It was "union" brought the late "Peace Jubilee," when *all* voices of *all* nations *joined* in one *hallowed* song, in which mingled the tiny, dulcet strains of the orphans of the soldiers, singing, as it were, a *Dirge* over their *dead fathers*, which went direct *up* to Christ, who blessed little children, without *deference* or *reference* to *any nation*.

We are all cognizant of this truth, that during the war, when young men, mere striplings just entering the morning of life, others vigorous and stalwart, volun-

teered their services, leaving all that was near and dear to them for the Union, nobody *then* asked the question, "To what nation do you *belong*?" They did not even ask the black man to turn white. This *fact* ought to be forever remembered by all Americans, and clearly demonstrate to them, that when respectable men come to this country, adopting it as their own, to *work* in it and to *fight* for it, the nation will be all the *stronger* and all the *greater*, when becoming one *united band of brothers*.

I think young America should never forget that the early Puritans were the progenitors of one-third of the white population of the United States at the present time. There came over twenty-one thousand two hundred persons at once; and their descendants now amount to *millions*. And when these brave people left their native soil to gain *true freedom*, they still remembered the *old* land of their birth, and christened the part they landed on New England, after the old mother-country, — just as affectionate children call their children after the "old folks at home." The names of the New-England States remind me so vividly of my own country, that I could not help weeping when I first heard them mentioned. The sound of Plymouth thrilled me; for it was there I was born; there I passed many happy years of my girlhood; there I stepped out from my loving mother's embrace into the cold, wide world.

No American should forget that Washington and his wife Martha had a large portion of English blood in



them ; Benjamin Franklin, William Penn, and Daniel Boone, the same. And yet, when Grant was elected, a paper happening to state he was of English descent, another daily took up the assertion in the most indignant manner, as if it was a crime, and affirmed that he was of Scotch origin, and descended from the Earl of Seafield. However, if Grant does one-half as much as the really great and unostentatious Washington did for this country, I feel certain all true Americans will care but little where his forefathers were *born*, or whether they were Dutch or *Welsh*. I admire President Grant ; and, if I had fifty votes, I would give them all to him. The more I hear about him, the more I admire him. A great many schemers thought to turn him round and round, like the handle of a coffee-mill, at their will and pleasure ; but he has plainly let them see that they have labored under a small mistake. Grant has evidently a mind of his OWN ; and no man is fit to RULE that has not, — neither as a *general* nor a *president*. We are now enjoying peace through his fine tactician powers (as a General) : that has been *proved*. And I have not a *doubt* we will find him as capable to fill the high position he now holds, — that of the “President of the United States.”

I am a believer in good blood ; and, before I finish, I will give you my ideas on the subject.

I am now going back to the *reason* of the increase of crime. Exterior equality is decidedly another great

cause of this existing evil. The man whose income is from two to three thousand a year apes every thing that his neighbor does who may be worth eight or ten thousand per annum. His wife will have as expensive a mantle; *will* have season-tickets for the opera; will give *soirées* on the same magnificent scale. Where does the money come from? The working-girl dresses as nearly as possible like the young lady of fortune, whom she cannot approach, either financially or in an educational point. Where does the money come from? This attempt at equality by dress *only* is dangerous and slippery ground for the working-girl to walk on; and too often she slides down, away from the modest, innocent girl, into the flashily-dressed, painted woman of the street. And what for?—Tawdry dress! I heard a woman say, at “The Working-Woman’s Convention,” that every fine dress a lady had made, caused, on an average, two women to *fall*! She used stronger language than this; but I do not care to repeat it.

I differ greatly with this assertion: and the truth is, I scarcely understand what she meant; for I am sure that every fashionably-made dress costs one-half its value to get it made. It is the “*firms*” who employ these girls, and not the public, that pay so badly. I think my definition of the cause of the increase of the unfortunate women of this age is the *best*. It emanates in this MADNESS for DRESS, and the great desire to appear *ladies*; which they cannot be concocted into even by a FRENCH

milliner and dressmaker. Nothing but *social refinement* and *education*, combined with modesty, can achieve this. Ask two-thirds of these women whether starvation, or the love of dress, brought them to their degraded state; and I will guarantee they will answer, "Dress."

I wish to be most emphatic on another glaring CAUSE of the "*increase of crime*." I frequently read comments about servants not knowing and performing their proper duties; in fact, of their incompetency to fill the office they apply for: *and it is the truth*. But the Americans have themselves to thank for this state of affairs. They have no institution to train girls for this most respectable vocation. The NAME "SERVANT" is thought *derogatory* in *this country*,—a country where labor is said to be so highly estimated. This undeniable fact has frequently astonished me.

In Boston, a short time ago, a hundred and eighty unfortunate girls were arrested in *one night*; and I doubt not that the greater portion of them could have *once* been respectable servants, but considered the office and NAME *too low*! And what kind of a NAME have they NOW? What future have these women to look forward to? Generally, the world's COLD, NIPPING SCORN, combined with ill health and destitution. A girl would much rather work in a factory or a "saloon," because she can be called "Miss," dress finer, and imagine she will be thought a *lady*! Poor girl! It is this DELUSION, this FALSE PRIDE, that crowds the streets nightly with pretty

young girls, some of whom, I learn, can only count twelve *short summers*! With Hamlet I exclaim, “Oh, horrible! *most horrible!*” I lived in the house with a girl, Annie C., not seventeen; and she attended in a restaurant. I once said to her, “Why do you not take the situation of a seamstress or a nurse in a gentleman’s family?” She turned upon me in the most insolent way, saying, “*Me* be a *servant*? That will do very well for you *English*; but I am an *American*, and feel myself as *good* as *anybody*.” I wish some kind reader would inform me the difference of rank between a person attending on respectable people at a *private* house and one at a *public* house, where any degraded man who pays for his dinner can order this said *independent young lady* to wait on him. However, this girl afterwards went as a BALLET-GIRL at one of the *lowest places* in *Boston*; and the last account I heard of her was, she was travelling with an Ethiopian troop *alone*, — no MOTHER to guide or guard her from the evil influences she is surrounded by!\* *Poor young creature!* Reader, what do you think *her* end will be? The truth is, that after a girl or boy is fifteen years old, in this country, they consider themselves persons of *sound judgment*; and parents actually look up to these sprites with a sort of deferential fear.† I have seen this girl painted so glar-

\* At the end of this chapter I will insert two letters from my daughter and her husband, showing that I am not *preaching* to my *readers* what I do not practise to my own children.

† Another short note, at the end of this chapter, on the lack of obedience among children in this age.

ingly, that, had her mother acted rightly, she would have thrown the rouge in the fire, locked her up in her room, and kept her on bread and water till she came to her senses. Should this statement meet the eye of any girl beginning a similar career, give me leave to inform her that a genteel English servant would not be seen walking or talking to a "ballet-girl," or a girl living in a public house. No woman has more *respect* for *herself* than a well-bred English servant, and consequently is respected by all well-bred people. You can generally tell what *quality* of inmates are in the house when you see the girl that admits 'you. It is a *monstrous mistake* to imagine that men and women who know and perform their proper duties are *slaves*. I think they are only *sensible*. I love to see our fresh-faced, plump English girls, not too proud to wear a natty lace cap, — white linen apron, collar, and cuffs to match, — always looking so clean, and *consistent* for their position.

Twenty years ago, THE PLYMOUTH BRETHREN OR SAINTS (in England) sold all their fine furniture, dresses, and jewelry; and some made their servants sit at the same table with them. This went on at one house for nearly a month; when one morning, as the mistress entered the room, the servants rose in a body, and demanded that the kitchen\* should be *once more theirs*, or

\* The furniture in an English kitchen has not the slightest attempt at trying to *ape* the *parlor*. The tables and chairs are of the whitest deal, no carpet or oil-cloth on the floor, which matches the tables to perfection in color, and all the covers of the dishes and pots shining like "gold and silver" over the mantle-piece. I think these demonstrations are in excellent taste.

they would *all leave*, as they had been much more comfortable under the *old regulations*. The servants conquered; and the *lady succumbed*.

I stopped two nights at a hotel in Lawrence, a short time ago. The girl that attended the table wore a light-green dress, with white, clear muslin jacket, showing a very low-neck body underneath; over-skirt of the same, trimmed with lace; gilt bracelets, long earrings, and breast-pin. She had short curls in front (they reminded me of earth-worms *writhing in agony*); her waterfall large enough for a child's pillow. Did this dress not look far more fit to go to an evening party than working *earnestly* and *faithfully* for her employer, from whom she expects *proper remuneration*? And, if the mistress should make a comment, the retort would be, "I am as good as you." I wish I had as many dollars as I have had these *stupid*, impertinent words said to me.

I remember a highly-bred Irish lady making a call upon my mother, and, in the course of a conversation, remarking that she should have to discharge her parlor-maid, as, during her absence, she had learned that the girl had opened the door with a *CHECK apron* on, instead of a *white* one; showing that she was *not* a thorough-bred servant. Allowing that this was carrying matters too far, still, when a girl knows that it is expected she shall wear a *white apron*, *wear it she should*. And, if it is ever in my power to keep servants again, their style

of dress shall be an understood thing before they are installed in my employ. If young women knew how sweet they look in a pretty colored or white muslin dress, and how well it accords with their bright, smiling faces, lit up with health and youth, I am sure they would not dun their hardworking fathers or husbands for expensive articles, nor lower themselves by degraded acts to obtain them. Hundreds of parents at this moment would have a happier countenance, and not that careworn, wretched look that we so frequently see when honest people get in debt incurred by living *beyond* their *means*.

An English servant will frequently live from fifteen to thirty years in a family. My grandmother kept one servant twenty-two years ; Mr. Hoar's housekeeper has lived twenty-eight years in his family ; and a man-servant of my grandfather lived with him thirty years. These people have been taught the *art* of being true servants ; for there is an *art* in *every thing*, from the WASH-TUB up to the *piano*,—from the building of a FIRE to the building of a FORTRESS. If girls would only give these facts mature consideration, and act upon them, we would have a re-organization of society in a few years ; and God knows we stand woefully in want of it at the present moment. Young men would not be afraid to marry, as they *now* are (which I do not wonder at), consequently would not be led into the temptations that they are in the single state ; for marriage is one sure *step* towards morality, consequently decreases crime.

And I wish girls of every class to remember, that if a woman dressed in a calico, merino, or muslin, does not feel and look a lady, the richest velvet will not have the desired effect. The genuine, well-bred man or woman, with a high tone of mind and manner, will shine out from beneath the plainest garb; and shoddy vulgarity, even should it be incased in rubies and diamonds, will only be rendered the more obvious and conspicuous to those who at a glance can discover the difference, — to those who cannot be deceived, even by the radiant sparkling of these richest of *gems*.

I wish girls of every grade, both rich and poor, to bear in mind that a man *worth having* will prefer a woman with a well-stored mind, and genuine *moral worth*, for his wife, — even should her physical appearance lack what is termed beauty, and her attire be of the most humble kind, — to the senseless creature whose capacious brain soars no higher than dress. I have seen both men and women without one handsome feature; and, on conversing with them, their faces have lit up with manly or womanly *intellect*, and I have found myself ten times more *charmed* with them than all the “GRECIAN BENDS,” GRECIAN NOSES, *liquid* blue eyes, or brown VELVET ones, could have effected, — *charmed* with the *depth* and *expanse* of their *minds*! What a grand thing to contemplate! What a purity of thought must dwell in such beings! What greatness of soul they must possess, when all that is defined as plain and



homely vanishes, and we see this intrinsic worth shining in all its radiant glory before us ! These are the men and women that are the nearest approach to the *image* of their *Maker*. Young men and maidens, cultivate your minds ; for it is something that will always stand by you, either in *affluence* or *poverty*, — something that you will *never* regret. Remember, education is open to *all*, and will raise you as high as your highest aspirations can desire, or aspire to. Bear in mind that all our greatest men, both in England and America, — in fact, all over the world, — have labored under the most excruciating difficulties to attain the high position that it is evident God meant they should fill.\* Still you must not imagine that I am invulnerable to a pair of superb eyes, a handsome mustache, or a silky beard. Oh, no ! Even if I am emaciated, and far advanced in years, I appreciate them for all they are *worth*, — *fascinating* to behold ; but we soon weary of looking at them, on ascertaining that the *head* is *empty*, the *principles loose*, and the heart as impervious to good as adamant is to the blow of a pin, — in fact, that good dwelleth not in their composition, however beautiful the exterior may appear to us at first sight. Such people are simply pretty living pictures walking about the earth, deriding every thing they are

\* Read "The Identification of the Artisan and the Artist the Proper Object of American Education." Illustrated by a lecture of Cardinal Wiseman, addressed to American workingmen and educators, with an essay on Fröbel's "Reform of Primary Education." By Elizabeth P. Peabody. It is grand.

incapable of understanding. Handsome men and women *without* a mind, I compare to gaudy flowers without perfume, or a *noxious one*. The tulip, poppy, and hollyhock look *very elegant* in the garden; but we do not want any social intercourse with them; we do not crave for them in our bouquets. They please our eyes, but fail to touch our sympathies.

I am a great lover of beauty. I walked four miles in the *snow* once to see a beautiful woman. I see beauty in every stage of life. There is beauty in the holy, uncontaminated, innocent babe (*pure humanity coming direct from God*). There is beauty in the fresh spring-tide of girlhood, with her elastic step and joyous laugh. There is beauty in the summer-time of womanhood. There is beauty in the more developed woman, in the *autumn* of our lives, when our reflective powers are brought into greater action, reviewing the UNRECALLABLE "PAST" with REGRET, and walking *forward towards* the INVISIBLE FUTURE with HOPE and FAITH stamped firmly upon our brow. There is beauty in the calm dignity of wintry old age, IF the PRECEDING life has been that of a CHRISTIAN. Yes, this is something grand to behold, — men and women, looking upward with a holy joy, *longing* for the hour when God shall claim them as *his own*.

With regard to equality, it is impossible for it ever to exist in *this* world. You put five hundred people on a little island, give each five hundred dollars (*all* of them

with equal advantages in every thing), and, at the end of twenty years, visit them, and you will find that their different tastes, abilities, and actions, have *separated* them as *effectually* as any aristocrat could desire. Our *determination of character*, our *tact*, our *perseverance*, our *distinct quality* and QUANTITY of the HIGHER and LOWER *passions*, *divides* us into different grades and classes.\* The very dogs teach us that “blood will tell.” Behold the superior, useful Newfoundland dog, the elegantly-shaped greyhound, the King-Charles dog, and the harmless lap-dog, with its pretty flaxen curls; and then look at the New-York Water-street dogs, whose pictures I saw lately, — *monsters to behold!* — and, I am sorry to add, their trainers — *meant* for men — looked scarcely an *atom* above them in *expression*. Why, there are as many natural divisions in canine society as any old John Bull can desire.

The formation of the *earth* teaches us this *truth*. The *hills* and the *dales*, the *mountains* and the *valleys*, the *richness* of one soil and the *barrenness* of another, the powerful intellect of some men and the shallowness of others, the goodness of some men and the baseness of others, — all these natural distinctions are LIVING proofs that EQUALITY does NOT *exist*, and *never* will on *this globe*.

Reader, if you are an educated and capable man, and

\* Dr. Maudsley of London repudiates the idea which assumes that all men are born with equal original mental capacity.

good, but *poor*, and I am an incapable man, and have a dubious sort of a character, but *rich*, am I your equal? Certainly not; yet you *know* the world would call me *your superior*. How can we wonder at the *increase* of *crime* under this existing demoralizing state of society? The terrible desire that reigns among the masses for equality is doing much mischief. The terrible love of dress displayed by both sexes is doing more; and the horror that people evince at being poor, or even thought poor, is, in my estimation, another cause of the *increase* of CRIME, because poverty is usually viewed as something *debas*ing, as something to be *avoided*; not because it is *hard* and *painful* to the parties who *brave* it, and *grapple* with it, to *bear*, but that it is *loathsome* to those who *behold* it. In fact, it is judged as a *degraded evil*, caused by some *vice*. And yet we are aware that hundreds of our noblest men of *genius*, and *Christian* men, have *contended* for years with this *direful enemy*; and, *bravely* as they have *fought*, they have *not* always conquered.\* Dr. Johnson wrote “Rasselas” in a garret by the deathbed of his mother. Otway died of eating a roll too *fast* when *nearly* starving. Dryden was dreadfully poor. The mighty Homer begged his bread.

\* Dr. R. Sheldon Mackenzie wrote an excellent article in Saturday Night, some weeks ago, entitled, Self-Made Men, Money-Makers, Fame vs. Wealth. He says, “It is not the *good* a person does, but the MONEY he may make in doing it, entitles him to rank among the ‘self-made men.’” He remarks that Pope wrote, “‘Worth makes the man, and the *want* of it the Fellow;’” and adds, “but methinks the American reading is, ‘CASH makes the man.’”

"Burns," one of *God's* nobility, suffered great poverty. Everybody remembers what indigence our admirable "Goldsmith" endured. Poor young "Chatterton," teeming with genius, in a weak moment put an end to his life in an obscure attic, tempted by this foul *fiend*. And, I am sorry to add, I could fill many long pages with the names of great men who have suffered the bitterest of poverty. I read, not long ago, in "The New-York Sun," that an artist who had just finished a FINE picture, had, for a long time, been struggling in penury.

A writer whose name I forget (Curtis, I think) says, "There is a law of the moral government of the universe which ordains that all that is great and valuable and permanent in character must be the result, not of theoretical teaching or natural aspiration, of spontaneous resolve or uninterrupted success, but of trial, of suffering, of the fiery furnace of temptation, of the dark hours of disappointment and defeat."

We are aware that hundreds of our most womanly and sweetest of women have labored for years before they could emerge from obscurity. But we have not all been trained by the same kind of mother; we have not all been taught to bear and forbear: therefore, taking these things into consideration, we can scarcely wonder that the women who *can* work, and are *willing* to work, start up and ask for MEN's rights, when they do not get their own. And I attest, that if a woman can work as well as a man, and desires to do men's work,

why, there is no question about it but she ought to be paid equal to a *man*.

Reader, we can scarcely wonder at the dread poverty is held in when we consider how the poor are oppressed. What an infamous tax is the pawn-shop, where the poor are the usual frequenters! In New York, if fifty cents or a dollar is borrowed, five cents is deducted at the time for the stamp, besides three cents on each dollar a month; and, in *Boston*, *five cents* a WEEK ON EACH *dollar*, or even *fifty cents*; and at the end of four weeks, if the article is not redeemed, or the *interest paid* up, the goods that the poor man or woman has labored so hard to get are *gone*. And this *robbery* is LAWFUL: but the LAW-makers *don't feel* it; only the POOR, who are obliged to bear this DARING THEFT, — yes, as daring as the Broadway *murder* of *Rodgers* in New York. I would remark to those who hate the English, that this obnoxious law exceeds even the overbearing laws of that country.

Reader, of course you know that in 1765, when the famous Stamp Act was passed in the British parliament, on the news reaching Boston, the *bells* were muffled, and rang a funeral-peal; and so great was the opposition to the *act*, that it was repealed during the spring of 1766. This shows us how *quickly* the *evils* of society *can* be put down if people set to work in EARNEST. In New York, the “*Act*” was carried through the streets with a Death's-head bearing this inscription, “The folly

of England, and the ruin of America.” And God knows, there could be hundreds of *live* heads carried through New York to-day, so closely resembling *death*, that you could scarcely detect the difference. Another outrage on the poor is, that, if they are unable to pay their rent in advance, they are put into the street. And yet how many thousands of those who live beyond their income, and pass for rich people, are *owing thousands*, and compromise by paying twenty-five or fifty cents on the dollar, *STILL* keeping a *fine* house, and consequently are *STILL* respected. Think you not, reader, that the poor observe this educated chicanery? Of course. And *this* is what the depraved and weak-minded poor give for an excuse. They say, “Look at your *wealthy thieves*, and don’t talk to us about *honesty*, — we poor, who steal because we want the necessities of life for our children.” Does not such knowledge as this teach us to have compassion on *this* class of unhappy poor? And does not such knowledge teach us to *honor* the other class of poor? — those who (as I before remarked) *cannot* be even *starved* into crime? — those who do not *accept* the wages of sin. Ah, my friends, poverty is a *barren* soil to *live* on; and too often the only showers that moisten it are *tears that flow forth* from a *wounded heart*. I say again, if we wish a *decrease* in crime, let us *honor* the *respectable poor*. And let us remember that it requires the *heroic* valor of the bravest soldier who voluntarily faces the mouth of the cannon to contend with the iron arm of

this *licensed* civilized MAMMOTH GIANT, *Oppression*, who has been for a number of years stretching his uncouth, unwieldy, gigantic limbs throughout the Old World, and, I am sorry to add, has at last found a firm standing in free America. Let it be put *down* at once, if you wish to *retain* your *greatness* and your *freedom*.

Good reader, I pray you take notice how the many *mock philanthropists* turn a *deaf ear* on the wrongs of this class of poor, because there would not be *publicity* given them; the papers would not teem with the *noble deeds* of these *pharisees*. O ye *mockers of Christ's charity*! think calmly of these things, and remember you let *many fall* into the *cesspool of crime* to make a *loud noise* when you *drag* them out. Beware! for your day of reckoning may be *near at hand*, when you must stand before *One* whom you *cannot deceive*.

Permit me to give you my mother's ideas on the poor. Twenty-five years ago, there was a sect who defined themselves as the "Plymouth Brethren," or the "Saints," — referred to before in this chapter. My sister belonged to them, and was on a visit at the house of a wealthy saint, who one evening related to her a sorrowful tale of a young and lovely woman being maltreated by a brutal husband. My sister exclaimed, "Poor creature!" The saint was quite indignant, and replied, "I consider that expression an epithet of contempt; and, since your father died, I have heard your mother called "Poor creature." The "saints" parted



in anger; and my sainted sister, returning home, repeated the whole of the affair to my mother. Two days after, there appeared in the principal newspaper of Plymouth the following lines:—

TO ONE OF THE PLYMOUTH "SAINTS" WHO ALLEGED THAT  
"POOR CREATURE" WAS AN EPITHET OF CONTEMPT.—*By*  
*Grace Boyle, late De la Hooke.*

"Poor worm of dust, poor clod of meanest earth, —  
Poor from thy womanhood, thy childhood, birth;  
Say, hadst thou beauty, youth, or fame in store,  
Or wealth, or rank, yet still thou wouldst be poor.  
Much faith, much works, much reasoning or lore,  
Yet sinful, sunken, senseless, blind, and poor.  
Poor, poor mortality, a worldling I,  
Whom 'SAINTS' would scoff at, and each fault deery;  
And yet Christ saith, 'I blessings have on high.'  
For the humble spirit, blessings are in store;  
And I *confess me I am very poor*, —  
Poor in that faith by which the soul is driven  
From earth's strongholds, and half embraces heaven;  
Poor in world's goods, in basket, and in store:  
I do confess me, I am very poor.

"When the Lord's chastening hand is laid on those  
Who *meekly* bear, and tremble to oppose,  
The GOOD SAMARITAN will wash the sore  
With OIL and WINE, and say, 'Because she's poor.'  
Do words like these imply contempt in store?  
Was Matthew, Mark, was not our Saviour, poor?  
Go, woman, weep, thy *pride* and *passion* o'er;  
*Whilst I can smile at 'Blessed are the Poor.'*"

NOTE.—I happened to be alone in conversation with the young woman who affirmed that only thin people could be intellectual; and hearing her pronounce “Edinburgh” as it was *spelt*, and knowing her sixteen years ago, when she was seven years old, out of kindness I informed her the proper pronunciation was “*Edinbro*” (having lived in that city ten years). Instead of thanking me, she took not the slightest notice, but asked me if I had ever been to Paris. And these words have remained a byword between myself and friends ever since. When we meet, we salute each other by asking this overpowering question, “Have you been to Paris?” Her mother was born and reared in the humblest sphere of life (the husband informed me she worked out in her girlhood for seventy-five cents per week), yet often speaks of her *boarding-school days*, boasted about her daughter’s *independence* in pronouncing this word in her own *style*! Let us presume it was the *Parisian* style. I believe that woman would have undergone such torture that it would have caused her *death*, had it so happened that her two daughters could not have “BEEN TO PARIS.” I was sorry to learn, that, on one of their visits to that country (they have been three times there), they had an invitation from a woman whom the mother *previously* informed me was living in *open adultery*, and had two children by her paramour; and the WIFE of the man languishing in misery *alone*! and yet this mother accepted her invitation during her stay in France with her two young women daughters, — one born in July, 1847, and the other, July, 1850! And, when the unfortunate person and children come to New York, she makes *their house* her HOME! Surely there is retribution for such foul deeds as these. I have remarked that the vulgar frequently mistake *insolence* for *independence*; but the meaning of these two words is as distinct as noble DETERMINATION and dogged obstinacy.

Reader, did it ever occur to you, that, when a certain class of persons get into comparatively affluent circumstances (not by their

own exertions, but some strange freak of fortune), the first thing they spring at is a piano and teacher, then a half-dozen French books, and a *real French madame*, neglecting more useful branches of education? I once knew a woman who had washed all her life for a living; and one of her young daughters had been with a family to France as a nurse-girl, and spoke bad French very fluently. When my children and I would go there, the old woman would make this girl repeat every thing she had to say in *French*, and watch the effect this display of learning had on our countenances. The only result was making us *actually* ROAR with laughter. About two years ago, I had a dressmaker from "*The Working-Woman's Union*," New York; and, speaking of her relations, she said, "O marm! you should see my oldest sister's daughter. She is a *perfect lady*; and everybody says she'll marry some *grand man*." — "Indeed!" I replied. "Yes, marm, she speaks French *elegant*; and, when she's speaking, she throws her hands about like an actress." This was too much for my risible faculties. I enjoyed her description of a REAL LADY *vastly*. In an old paper of Franklin's, dated 1723, there is a capital but short postscript, saying, "Gentle readers, we design never to let a paper pass without a *Latin motto*, if we can possibly pick one up, which carries a charm in it to the *vulgar*; and the learned admire the pleasure of *construing*. We should have obliged the world with a *Greek* scrap or two; but the printer has no types: and therefore we entreat the candid reader not to impute the defect to our ignorance; for our 'Doctor' can say all *Greek* letters by heart."

NOTE. — Young girls, read this letter of advice I wrote to my daughter Gordon after receiving a letter from her informing me of her happiness with her husband. He had not *graduated* when they were married; and I knew the income his father allowed him, though handsome for *one* person, would be very limited when he took a wife. After writing on my family-affairs, I concluded my

letter thus : "I hope you will bear in mind all I have said to you regarding the marriage-state. Remember, you tested your husband's love, and found him faithful ; and it will be *your own fault* if his affection does not continue. When he comes home to his meals, make a point of having every thing in perfect order, with WELL-COOKED FOOD ; and, however inexpensive your *dress* may be, let it be *neat*, but neither *gay* nor *soiled*. A white muslin dress always looks well on any person, especially the young, or a bride. I like dresses that wash, because, when they are 'made up,' they look fresh, just like a new one from the store. I pray you to not let this mode of conduct be *merely* a *beginning*, if you wish happiness in your married life to be of *long* duration. Remember, this man has chosen you, a poor girl, for his wife, in preference to a *wealthy* one whom his friends wished him to have ; proving that it was *you* he wanted to marry, and not your *ESTATES* or your *GOLD*. If he is out of temper, and unreasonable in consequence, on no consideration retort at the *time* : but, when he is calm and agreeable, then point out when, and where, he was in error ; and, of his own accord, he will ask your forgiveness, and be more careful in future not to offend you. Depend on it, what I say to you is correct, and for your good. I have no object in telling you these things but to make the happiness you speak about continue till 'the end of all things.' Do not forget that his profession is one that requires closer study (I think) than any other : therefore never attempt to entertain him with tales about your neighbor's fine dress or fine *airs*, or your servant's stupidity. Never indulge in gossiping ; for it leads to slandering, which is indicative of a frivolous and envious mind ; and I am sorry to add that women as a body are too prone to it. True men of every grade in life detest it. Do you remember my telling you that neither my mother nor grandmother ever permitted a person to speak disparagingly of another in their presence, when the party was not there to be able to vindicate or defend themselves ? I have frequently heard my

mother say to myself and young friends, when we were making comments on girls we knew, 'If you have exhausted all your powers of entertaining each other, but *this one*, — "*backbiting*," — I think it is time to separate.' Another important thing I wish to impress on your mind. Do not *beg or tease* your husband for a SILK dress, or a VELVET mantle, unless you are QUITE *certain* he CAN really afford to buy one; for, if he CANNOT, just think of the *agony* he will endure when the *bill* is *presented*, and he without the money to *settle* it! Only consider how his brain will burn, and how his valuable time will be taken up, devising some way to pay it; and if you really love your husband, on reviewing the whole matter, how you will reproach yourself for having caused all this tribulation for a *fine dress*! You have youth on your side, and look well in any thing that is neat and consistent. Hoping you will ask God to direct you in all things, I remain your affectionate mother,

"ANNA B. BOONE."

After my daughter (Mrs. Dr. Bevan) became a mother, I received this letter: —

"MY OWN DEAR MOTHER, — How can I ever thank you enough for all you have done for me! How much more I am able to appreciate your instruction now that I am a wife and a mother! Many things that I thought severe in you to expect me to do at that time, I thank you a *thousand* times for now. I have followed your advice as closely as possible, and am *truly happy*. We have had two invitations to the 'ball' at Guy's Hospital: all the Doctors and their wives will be there. The hospital is to be hung with scarlet cloth. Many of the 'nobility' are invited. My boy is a beauty: his name is John Acland Batler Bevan, — Batler after the '*Duke of Ormond*,' one of his father's ancestors; and *Acland* after mine. So he may be proud of his antecedents. But

what I shall pray for most is, that he may live to be a *good man*. I write in great haste as my baby is calling for me.

“I remain, my own dear mother,

“Your affectionate daughter,

“LORA GORDON BEVAN.

“P.S. — John will send you a few lines in this envelope. He had *twenty-seven patients* last Wednesday. O mamma! when I think of all you have undergone, and how you still retain your cheerfulness and youthful appearance, it seems miraculous. The lines I wrote on ‘William Tell’ I will send you as soon as the paper is sent to me.”

I publish these letters to show my young readers, that, the higher the intellect is cultivated, the better able we all are to fulfil our womanly duties. Such letters as these are very dear to a mother’s heart, and prove that she has not labored in vain.

*From John Alywin Bevan to Mrs. Boone.*

“GUY’S HOSPITAL, 1866.

“MY DEAR MOTHER-IN-LAW, — I cannot allow Gordon to send her letter without addressing a few lines to you to say how much I am indebted to you for having blessed me with such a wife as Gordon. I cannot express the happiness I have realized since our marriage. She possesses (if possible) more virtues than those that have already so distinguished her mother. I write this in the hospital, surrounded by business: therefore excuse this brief letter, and “Believe me ever your affectionate son-in-law,

“JOHN ALYWIN BEVAN.”

NOTE ON “YOUNG AMERICA.” — Speaking on the subject of obedience among children in this country, — I rarely find it, even

in highly respectable American families. And I am most decidedly in favor of parents being the "*head*" of the household. In England, children are *decidedly* kept in better order. I have had more trouble with my young American *boys* than all my other children. Daniel wishes to be "master," and gives his ideas rather too freely. So does young Willie. Daniel has marched off a half a dozen times, "to see the world," as he says; but I am bound to go after him as long as the law gives me that power: and he will thank me for it in after-years. This boy has supported himself, ever since he was seven years old, by delivering little temperance-pieces, and, later, *regular lectures* (some will be found at the end of this book). And on the 1st of January, 1867, at Tremont Temple, he delivered an address (written by me) on the Emancipation Proclamation. The next morning, "The Boston Journal" spoke in the highest terms of this boy's powers, and copied a small portion of the lecture, and ended by observing that one of the speakers instantly rose, and gave out the words, "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." "The Boston Post," after making comments on many of the gentlemen present, said, "The next speaker introduced was Daniel Boone, the *youthful orator*. Young Boone, only twelve years of age, made a fine appearance on the platform, and spoke with all the dignity and gracefulness that an accomplished elocutionist can command when in the presence of a large audience. The remarks of this child-orator — for such indeed he is — were received with frequent rounds of applause, as the well-rounded periods, accompanied with most graceful gestures, fell from his lips. This address was decidedly the great feature of the afternoon exercises." Of course, such flattering remarks from such papers are apt to make a boy vain. It is not the case with him. He does not give himself "airs;" never attempts to say or infer that he is *at all* superior to any AMERICAN BOY. He hates to "show off" what he can do. I do not object to this. But he speaks of *all* the English with a sort of contempt, which makes him appear un-

just, and is *most decidedly little*. This prominent feeling in Young America, I think, is caused by some writers who have travelled, and hate the English, and are continually harping upon the American boys' superiority.

The Rev. Dr. Bellows writes as follows to "The Liberal Christian," respecting some of the experiences of his recent voyage up the Nile: "I am delighted with our English boys (there are none over twenty-five), and think myself most fortunate in the opportunity of studying young men just out of college from the tight little island. I cannot but compare them (not unfavorably, or the reverse) with the three American young men. The differences are very marked. All the young men, both American and English, are, it so happens, college-bred, and all, on both sides, earnest and fine fellows. They are all, too, nearly of one age. The English are gentler, more considerate of the feelings of those about them, softer, and more restrained. They are modest, and less accustomed to the society of women, very sensitive, and a little awkward. They are deferential to the elders of the party, and never put themselves on the common footing of human beings, without much regard to age or sex. They are up in the classics, in history, and in antiquities, but not up in the physical sciences, nor even in their own literature. They know a good deal about English politics, but not much about foreign or American affairs. They chaff each other, talk a deal of slang, are always good natured, and have next to no self-assertion or national sensitiveness. They are very liberal in their religious notions, especially the Cambridge man. They are not good-looking, considered as physical specimens, and, with one exception, have not a spark of grace or fascination in appearance. The Americans are men better versed in general knowledge and in acquaintance with the world. They are more skilled in the sciences and in general literature, know more about English authors, than the Englishmen. They know much less of Latin and Greek and antiquities. They talk less, but are more self-possessed, and



seem much older for their years. They are comparatively bluff, manly fellows; handsome as men, and not very sensitive to the charms of the young ladies, whom they treat with an easy respect which is not very flattering. They look more like men who had a distinct and serious business in life, over which they were brooding too deeply to have much taste for trifles. They have very little of the solicitude to please, and very little of the gentleness, of the English youth. They are less engaging from a domestic point of view, but more promising. In short, one represents a country where all hopes are bounded, and where everybody must move step by step, and with due regard to ten thousand competitors; the others, a country where everybody has scope,\* where men may have great

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\* And is there so little hope for the English, doctor? In Philadelphia, some months ago, the college-bred young men did not approve of young ladies being "STUDENTS;" and they insulted them so grossly, that the police actually had to interfere. I read this statement myself. And a short time subsequently, at the Bellevue Hospital, New York, the same kind of scenes took place; and Warden Brennan was ordered to call in the "force," if the outrages were again repeated. And, more recently still, I read an article headed, "*Disgraceful Scenes at Yale College.*" It ran thus: "Yale students have AGAIN been guilty of conduct calculated to bring that institution into disgrace. Last Saturday night, 'The Palladium' says, a few of the students engaged in a series of wanton actions, prominent among which were the firing of a college out-building, breaking into and defacing the chapel, abstracting the cushions and Bible, carrying off one of the iron seats on the green." Doctor, I am in favor of the *strictest discipline*; and, when I cannot manage my boys, I shall put them where they will be *well kept down*. I knew a clergyman in England; and he said boys ought to be *threshed* once a month, whether they were *obstreperous* or *not*. And Ward Beecher says, if a child is whipped, let it be done in *EARNEST*, or not at all, — words tantamount. I say ditto.

I read, a few days since, in another paper, the following remarks: —

"Not only wealth, but fame, social position, political power, are within easy reach of every class. Patrick Henry, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, and Abraham Lincoln, were all born of poor but honest parents." Does the writer of these words know that *Milton* was a poor man, born in *Bread Lane, London*? that Cobden was once only a commercial traveller? that Sir Robert Peel was only a poor weaver, and after, premier of England? Charles Dickens was born in

hopes, and where their early motions are accommodated to a long and a lofty goal. I must say, I see nothing in the most candid comparison of these English and American young men to make me feel ashamed of being an American."

The doctor says, "The English are gentler, more considerate of the feelings of those about them, softer, and more restrained." He repeats this as if it were rather a fault (I think this style charming, and to be admired). He continues, "They are modest, and less accustomed to the society of women, very sensitive, and a little awkward. They are deferential to the elders of the party, and never put themselves on the common footing of human beings, without much regard to AGE or SEX." I must say, it is very beautiful to see modesty in either sex, — that is, to MY taste. He says they are not good looking, considered as physical specimens, and, with ONE exception, have not a spark of grace or fascination in appearance (remember, he judges from three or four young men). Now, just suppose that an *English* person had made a *similar* remark about the Americans. Why, we English would be scouted in the most horrible manner. I pray you, give us credit for one thing, — never making remarks on *personal appearance* until really called for;

humble life. George Stevenson could not read till he was twenty-two years old; and to what height did HE rise! And where is his *son* now? Samuel Drew was a poor shoemaker; and, when he went *dinnerless*, he would tie his apron-string tighter, pounding away at the sole of a boot, occasionally getting up to take down a pair of old BELLOWS for a DESK, and writing his exquisite essay on the other *soul*. This work so distinguished him, that his family are now living in splendor in St. Anstel, Cornwall. And at one time he lived in one room with six children. Cobbett was a poor soldier. Poor Bunyan in a prison wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress," — a work that will be handed down to posterity. Our "mighty Bard" was only born in the middle class of society. In fact, I could fill volumes with such illustrations. And as to our wealthy men, thousands have risen from obscurity — yes, charity-boys, workhouse-boys — to *opulence*. But we rarely hear of these people, simply because the English *do not* lay such stress on men for their *wealth*, unless *worth* is combined: then we signalize them as being great; and they make themselves "men of mark."

and likewise honor us for *taking care* of the LITTLE beauty we do possess. I know two young women, of twenty-one and twenty-three, that are actually plain-looking persons; and a woman told me, that, when they were "*young*," they were "real sweet." "Young!" I exclaimed, "why, they are girls now!" — "Oh!" said the lady; "I mean when they were fifteen or sixteen." Now, just think of such a speech!

Reader, I have a paper on medical subjects;\* and, in less space than a quarter of a yard, there are three separate sentences on the superior beauty of the American women to the English. Not one of these travellers seem to be cognizant of the fact that the Lancashire women are very beautiful; that they are always called the "Lancashire witches," — so bewitchingly lovely are they; and in "Worcester," the women are called the three *P*'s, — "*poor, proud, and pretty*"; and Plymouth is noted for her beautiful women. In Plymouth, a female Quaker was so exceedingly beautiful, that the street was actually lined with people to look at her; and in Wembury, near Plymouth, a farmer's daughter, Miss Dudney, was so lovely, the Duke of Clarence (afterwards King William) jumped off his horse, and presented her with a diamond-ring, and at the same time declared that a second "Fair Rosamond" had come to life. In London, a confectioner's daughter was so transcendently beautiful, that, when she appeared in the shop, the police had to be on hand. And some monster threw a stone, and injured her. The father shut her up; and she pined and died. This circumstance happened when my mother was a girl.

And as to our intellectual power, as a body, I shall say nothing about; for all my educated readers are aware how highly this "*Gem*" predominates in the Old World. I could write volumes about our beautiful and great women; but these things speak for themselves

\* It was Dr. Holland, who writes under the name of "Timothy Titcomb," writing to The Springfield Republican.

louder than *book* or words. One thing I will say to both the young and the old, — there is always hope, when a boy is temperate and honest in every thing (for his future). These are two great features in the making of a man or woman, and something that parents ought to inculcate in their children from their earliest days, — something that is more to be looked to than people generally imagine. Of course, these traits are not every thing; but they are *two great things*. I have been called severe; but I thank God I was determined enough to bear the insults of ignorant people; and I have reaped the benefits of my severity (I mean morally). I know a woman now who is a respectable American; and she had to put her child of twelve years away for unruly conduct. Now she wishes him home; and the authorities won't let her have him. This woman informed me that she had no more control over this boy than if he was not her own; and there are hundreds of such cases: I was told so by a gentleman of distinction at the State House lately. The difference is, I am bound to be *master* over my children. Once, when Daniel ran off, I started from New York to Vermont, with only sixty-two cents, and arrived back in New York with two cents. Women, make your children TEMPERANCE children. Neither one of my sons or daughters would touch a jelly that had a drop of wine in it. Mrs. Vanderbilt, jr., recently was teaching her children to mend stockings. Some lady reproved her for doing so, — “a lady in her rank,” she said. Mrs. Vanderbilt replied, and *very rightly*, that she thought a mother ought to teach her children *every thing*, as it was impossible to know how vicissitude some day might require them to do many things that they dream not of *when* children.

## CHAPTER VII.

Is Longer still. — Gives Further Evidence of the Great Attention that is paid to the *Outer* Man, instead of the Inner Man, and the Evil Results therefrom ; with Several Episodes appertaining to this Subject. — The Conclusion.

A WOMAN in Boston said to me five years ago, “Mrs. Boone, a lady wondered that I took you to board with that old cloak on.” Reader, just think of such a speech ! And yet a gentleman of high moral character, and of excellent standing in society, walked many times through Washington Street with me in the identical cloak. I heard he was married a year ago : and I feel quite certain that he has chosen his wife for her superior mind, and not for the texture of her cloak ; for her high tone of principle, and not for the weight of her chain, — a happy thing if there were *more* such *marriages*.

My husband used to relate an anecdote of a young gentleman possessing both education and talent, but poor. Hearing that a proud and wealthy statesman had a secretaryship at his disposal, he determined to try his fortune. He knew it was impossible to obtain an interview in his seedy clothes, unless the footman *willed it*.

The flunkey was insolent; but, on finding a golden guinea thrust into his hand (the last the poor fellow had), he instantly conducted him into the presence of his master, whose countenance betokened amazement at such presumption. The servant whispered, "Your honor, he would come in." The haughty man turned round to his indigent visitor, and inquired his business. After a few moments' conversation, the statesman was spell-bound with the youth's elegant address, his *earnest*, manly, and straightforward manner of asking for the vacancy, and his evident capability of being able to fill it, that he granted his request. And, on leaving, the great man opened the door himself, instead of ringing for the footman; at the same time remarking, "I hope my servant was not impertinent to you: I fear he was." — "Not at all," replied the young man. "He was very polite to me; but he was rather insolent to my clothes." Some time after, he called, *well* dressed, and without a guinea. He was immediately admitted to the presence of his patron, who again hoped that his man had been more polite. "No, sir," replied the secretary: "he behaved just the *same* to *me*; but he was *very obsequious* to my CLOTHES."

I copied from a paper some time ago the following little episode: "A Long-Branch correspondent of a Trenton paper gives an account of a well-merited rebuke administered to a party of pretentious fashionables at that place. The Hon. Gov. Newell and his wife ar-

rived at the 'Mansion House' just at the dinner-hour, and entered the dining-hall before Mrs. Newell changed her attire. The party alluded to, immediately, not knowing her, made audible remarks on her appearance, and spoke indignantly because the waiters, to whom Gov. Newell was known, waited on him first. Various insulting allusions were made in the table conversation. In the evening, Mrs. Newell appeared in the parlor in full dress. She was saluted by a gentleman who happened to be a friend of the ladies in the fashionable party, and who subsequently, on their inquiry, informed them who Mrs. Newell was. They immediately sent the most abject apologies, which she refused to receive,—not on account of personal resentment, but because their conduct exhibited them as persons not fitted to associate with genuine ladies; and she would not recognize them as *such*." Bravo, Mrs. Newell! if every lady acted in the like manner, this species of the human animal would soon be annihilated, and dress would have its *downfall*. Some time ago, my son-in-law Burr sent me ten pounds, which I received in Wall Street. I was dressed in black silk, with a white bonnet; and I remember I had on new kid gloves. The clerk paid me *instantly*. A few months after, Mr. Hoar sent me a check for a small sum due to my mother from the Government, paid up to the time of her death. As the sky was cloudy, I put on appropriate clothes, fearing it might rain; however, it cleared off, and my apparel

looked rather shabby. I saw the two clerks whispering together; and one stepped forward, and asked me for a *reference*. I replied, "Young man, I am Mrs. Anna B. Boone, the same woman that you paid in this office a short time ago; but I was handsomely dressed at the time, and you looked at my CLOTHES *then* for a REFERENCE. This is the main cause of the existence of so many young Ketchums in Wall Street." He colored to the very temples, paid me; and I left. When I was stopping at a hotel in Washington, some years ago, the landlady showed me a set of diamonds that her husband had purchased a few days previously, costing a thousand dollars. In course of conversation, I inquired if she was well provided for in case of his death, as he was her senior by many years. "No: she would have *nothing*." And the new furniture that they were supposed to have *bought* was *not half* paid for. The clerk's wife showed me a ring that cost her husband a hundred dollars, — a miserable looking young woman of twenty-two, with one sickly child, and a nurse to attend to it. She did nothing from morning till night but read novels, and look at her white hands, — particularly the one with the ring on it.

A wealthy lady came to the hotel to stay a few days, and she wore some superb diamonds. At the dinner-table, it was most laughable to see the clerk's wife stretching her long, thin neck to feast her eyes on the lady's jewels. The sight of them seemed to *light* up her *languid system*.



“London Public Opinion” copied an article from another paper, which stated that it is natural for women to love jewelry; and that they ought to have it. If this be the case, it is not at all indicative of intellect; for, the greater the savage, the greater the love of this unwholesome propensity. And unwholesome it decidedly is; for we have continual proofs (one *recently*, of a most *glaring* nature) that it *degrades* the women of the *present* day; or it impoverishes their homes, and makes the heart of many worthy men ache till they sicken and weary of life. Reader, you must know that the reason I feel a sort of manly sympathy for the masculine gender is, I have had to act, in a great measure, nearly the whole of my life, a man’s part to my numerous family. I know all the responsibilities. I know what it is to be *major-domo*. When I wore velvet and honiton, I earned it; when I stopped at the principal hotels, my hard earnings paid for it; when I have been a guest at some of the first families in America, it was my intellect, my self-respect, my deportment, that won me these attentions; and my only jewels were my children. Consequently, I was compelled to feel myself the head of the house; and God *knows* how I YEARNED for it to be *otherwise*.

I have great respect for *working-men* of every class, from the news-vender up to the millionaire, who daily toil for the support of their wives and children; and the wife should remember, that, generally speaking, every

cent is earned by the husband, every bill is presented to him. Who pays for the barrel of flour? If one or ten pairs of shoes are wanting, his *labor* has earned the means to meet the demand; and, if debts are incurred, the man goes to prison, and *not the woman!* When women meet with such men as these, they ought to make home as near like paradise as possible. Frequently, instead, the husband comes home to a disorderly house, and a badly-cooked dinner. There is nothing makes me so ill tempered as poorly-dressed food, particularly after working hard to pay for it; and I am proud that I know how to cook an excellent dinner, as well as read Shakspeare; and taught my daughters the same necessary and womanly accomplishment. Every woman ought to know how to dress a good dinner, and iron a shirt; for, if ten servants are at our command, it will never come amiss to know how to direct them. Many a man makes some excuse to dine out to get a decent dinner; and should he meet a friend, and stay out a couple of hours later than usual, he is defined as a *monster* and a *brute*. I don't blame him: so should I.

A lady fell into a violent passion with me lately, because I said I believed that domestic grievances *too frequently* originated from either the idleness, incompetency, or selfishness of the wife; and I do believe it from my heart. And at meal-times, men are amused by columns of slander. She said, "Why, of all women on earth, *you* ought to agree with *our rights*; you, who have had

to run half round the world to live!" — "True," I replied, "I do agree that women should have their *proper rights*; but, when they want men's rights, let them share their responsibilities. If a woman aspires to be the *head* of the house, let her meet its expenses. I only wish," I continued, "*you* had to 'run round the world,' as you call it, and then you would perceive why I ignore woman going out of the path cut out for her (by Nature) to walk in. I imagine you would soon tire of men's rights when you partake of the work into the *bar-gain*."

Two winters ago, I read in "The Sun" of New York, many letters from working-men to the editor of that paper. The majority were boasting how much it cost them to live, and were terribly down upon a man who signed himself "Observer," because his wife provided *food* for him, herself, and three or four children, on a dollar a day, and had saved enough to buy him an overcoat. Both of these persons were laughed at and derided with many insulting epithets, in epistles from working men and women, whose boast and insolence they evidently mistook for genuine wit. I am very sure "Observer" and his wife would have gained the approbation of Dr. Franklin in regard to their frugality, which redounds to their credit. I think men and women who live *within* their *income* can afford to be laughed at these *fast* times.

When I kept school in Connecticut, out of my sixty

pupils, I remarked three that I felt certain would rise above the station they were born in. Their minds were evidently above mediocrity; they were attentive, punctual, and well dressed; called mean and greedy by many of my other pupils: but what was the result of these excellent qualities and habits? Two of these girls are living elegantly in New York, married; and the other owns a ten-roomed house in Greenpoint, with some thousands in the bank. Her eldest daughter, to my knowledge, is receiving her education at the "Rutgers Institute," in the Fifth Avenue, and learning every accomplishment.

If "Observer's" wife, by her excellent management, gets a greatcoat out of the overplus of her small income, surely she is to be honored for it far more than if she had bought a dashing pair of ear-rings or a breast-pin; for the greatcoat keeps warmth in the man who is her *provider* to the best of his abilities, her protector, the father of her children, and the man whom, it is to be supposed and hoped, she *loves*, and has chosen for life, for better, for *worse*. It is such actions and sacrifices as these that prove the genuine love that *should* exist between man and wife, and exhibit a purity of mind that should be lauded, by casting aside temptations that too frequently bring *desolation* and *poverty* on *loved ones*, and too frequently ruin the happiness, respect, and honor of once *joyous homes*. Every day such disclosures are made manifest. When a man marries, he pays the

woman the greatest compliment he is capable of offering her, and shows her that he *wishes* and *believes* she will make him a sacred and happy spot in this world, wherever his destiny may call him to pitch his tent, — because a man can always have a place to resort to, either to gratify his intellectual or animal desires, without *marrying*, and without *comment*. I do not tell you that I think these things right; but such are the conventionalities of society. If a woman marries a true *man*, it is her own fault if she does not retain his affections when he sought to win her for *herself only*; but if she will give herself, body and soul, to a man for a fine *home* and fine dress, he will soon find out the *truth*, and that there is *no love*. Then, GOD HELP HER! for bitterness or apathy must dwell in her bosom *forever*. And, if she WILL marry a *pup-pet* or *puppy* because “he is such a PRETTY FELLOW,” why, let her take the consequence; which is, that he will think much more of his *mustache* and *necktie* than either of *her* or *his children*!

Let COMPETENT women be better paid for their labor, and then there will be an end to marrying for a home, or rather a shelter; for such uncongenial firesides cannot be called by that loving, tender, hallowed name, “home,” *sweet home*!

It has frequently occurred to me how beautifully the simple song of

“*There’s Nae Luck about the House*” exemplifies the love of a *true wife* for her husband: —

“ And are ye sure the news is true ?

And are ye sure he's weel ?

Is this a time to think of wark ?

Ye jauds, fling by your wheel !

Is this a time to think of wark,

When Collin's at the door ?

Rax me my clock : I'll to the qua,

And see him come ashore.

“ For there's nae luck about the house, i

There's nae luck at a' ;

There's little pleasure in the house,

When our gudeman's awa'.

“ Rise up, and make a clean fireside ;

Put on the muckle pot ;

Gie little Kate her button gown,

And Jock his Sunday coat.

And make their shoon as black as slae,

Their hose as white as snaw :

It's aw to please my ain gudeman,

For he's been lang awa'.

“ Sae true his heart, so smooth his speech,

His breath like caller air ;

His very FOOT has MUSIC in't

As he *comes* up the STAIR :

And will I see his face again ?

And will I hear him speak ?

I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought ;

In troth, I'm like to greet.”

What a beautiful, touching sentiment, that “ his very *foot* has *music* in't as he comes up the *stair* ” ! What a

*thrilling* idea of love these few words contain ! It is not the ringing of the GOLD he is bringing home that sounds so *harmonious* to *her* ear, but his FOOTSTEP that makes MUSIC to her HEART ; for every step brings him *closer* to her ARMS. And yet they have lived long enough together to have a little Jock and a wee Kate. The love that exists between mother and child is the holiest of love ; but the genuine love of man, and woman, is, unquestionably, the most *wonderful*, the most *mysterious*, — in fact, it is a *miracle* that CANNOT be SOLVED. How often you will see a family living in the most perfect harmony, and *fate* or *chance* (*fate*, I think) sends a strange man to the house, and he falls in love, perhaps, with the most affectionate, obedient, and modest of those daughters ; and, should she reciprocate the attachment, why she will leave *all* her *early* associations, ALL the *tender words* and *caresses* of her PARENTS, and go forth with *him* whithersoever he may wish to *lead her*. So far, I believe in magnetism and spiritualism : I believe that love often takes a strong hold at first *sight*. But I do not believe in spiritualism to the extent that some persons *do* ; for I know of a woman living with a married man, and she says the *spirits* sent him to her. She is forty-nine, and she has a child two years old ; and she solemnly affirms that it was a gift from the spirits. Now, the woman that I have referred to is a poor, uncultured person ; and yet, to palliate her crime of living in open adultery, she blames the *poor spirits*, by affecting, that, as she be-

longs to this pure circle of oracles, she is compelled to obey their *mandates*. Still, I wish my readers to understand that I *firmly believe* there are HUNDREDS of *pure-minded* spiritualists who are *disgusted* at such proceedings, and sorry that such degraded acts are carried on under the *name* of "SPIRITUALISM."

There have been recently some terrible disclosures in a Boston paper about the meetings at Boylston-street Hall; and I know not why, but I understand these anonymous letters have been imputed to *me*. I am happy to inform every person who may read this book, that, in the first place, I *never wrote* an article YET that I was *ashamed* to put *my name* to. In the second place, my time is *better employed* by endeavoring to earn an honorable living for myself and four children. I have not read these letters; but I am sorry to say, that, from what I hear of them, there is too much truth in what they allege; for there is no doubt but there are a number of degraded characters belong to that hall. I have heard an old withered wretch, called Bruce, say a long prayer (if you can imagine a fiend praying); and then break out like a maniac, slandering every person who had given her the least offence, and even persons whom in reality she knew nothing about; and she says she is under the control of Jack Wade, a gambler, and she is not accountable for what she utters. Such a creature *ought* to be *sent* to the State Prison. But the most ridiculous part is, that these people all slander each other even



worse than their out-door enemies are guilty of. This was told me by a harmless and respectable old woman, whose daughter attends this Hall, much against her will.

When I hear and read accounts of educated men objecting to the opening of THE PUBLIC Library on *Sunday* for the benefit of the *hardworking portion of society*, as being *immoral*, I wonder whether these gentlemen notice the advertisements of the different meetings that are held on SUNDAY *evenings*, by persons who pretend to be *spiritualists*. A respectable married man informed me, that the majority of these places were nothing better than houses of degradation. Oh! *I implore* you men who *can* do *ought* in this matter, to crush down this *Sunday crime*,\* and OPEN WIDE the doors of the *Temple of Wisdom*, and let those who have toiled for six long days enter, and regale their manly thoughts by reading the *gems* that have fallen from the powerful brain of great and good men, whose works shine *brightly to-day*, though many of their forms are mingled in the dust. There are thousands of workingmen whose minds are STARVING for *intellectual knowledge*; and the opening of the Public Library on SUNDAY would be hailed by them with a spontaneous burst of joy; yes, equal to the joy that a *shower* of GOLD coin would cause to a *Wall-street BROKER*.

And allow me to add, in conclusion, that, as long as such stress is laid on our apparel, CRIME will *not decrease*.

\* See note at the end of this chapter.

You may build grand churches, and pay learned men to preach the highest and purest morals, and to *expound* the *Word* of the *Great Jehovah*; you may call to your *aid*, for an example, the life of Christ, who walked with charity, holiness, and humility upon this earth: but there will be *no diminution* in crime while there is such deference paid to the *outer* man instead of the moral man, — instead of the inner, *Christian man*.

These things remind me of unthinking people imagining that a black coat and a white necktie makes a man fit to go into the pulpit (God knows we have had fearful revelations lately to the contrary), or that a man who wears a *dark-blue coat*, with a certain brass button indicating police, must be respectable. I have frequently seen one of these men arresting some poor, misguided individual, with a countenance that denoted him the greater villain of the two, and who seemed to gloat with a sort of catlike joy, over his captured prey. In New York, I have seen these *moral* men, when on duty, look up the street and down the street, and then snatch a glass of Bourbon out of a saloon-man's hand, swallow it *down*, turn round, and look as *solemn* as a *judge*, ready to arrest a *small* boy for the *monstrous* atrocity of "playing ball in the street." I lived in the vicinity of Grand Street after the Sunday prohibitory law had passed; and I had ocular proof that there was more rum brought into that house on Sunday than all the other six days of the week, because the working-man had his Saturday-night's

wages, and could slip a bribe into the hand of the “good man” dressed in *blue*.\* O my friends, what a horrible thought, that a velvet mantle, a fur cape, or even a brass button, actually sways the mind of rational and intelligent people! The existence of these facts is a degradation both to the laws of *God* and *man*.

I hope the time will soon arrive when a woman shall be judged by her principles, and not by the quality of her cloak; by her intellect, and not by the richness of her carpet; and I hope the time is fast approaching when a woman shall be judged by the moral life she leads, and the *temptations* she has withstood, and not by the weight of the chain she wears; and I *earnestly hope* the time will yet arrive when both men and women who show

\* I mean, by speaking thus, that, unless the man is really a good man previously, taking the position of a policeman does not make him what every man OUGHT to BE, HOLDING *such a station*, — a CHRISTIAN MAN. But I think the Bostonians have chosen two excellent headings in both *chief* and *deputy*. Mr. Savage is a man of gentle and gentlemanly bearing, and has already shown his desire to “DECREASE CRIME.” I had an agreeable conversation with him on this subject, and was much pleased with his views and ideas. He informed me, that, on speaking to the women he caused to be arrested, they all seemed to be *very hardened*; but when he asked them what they thought their poor, dear (perhaps dead) mothers would feel, if it was possible that they could know of their degradation, *instantly* nearly the whole of them shed tears copiously. I say again, it is *true mothers* that are wanted *to-day more* than the BALLOT. I have had business with Deputy Quin, and must say, that, had I gone to him in an elegant carriage, he could not have shown me more attention, or despatched my business with greater promptness; and doubtless there are hundreds like these two gentlemen; but there are, likewise, many now in the “Force” who *are not* fit to fill this trusty office. Mr. Hale, the head officer in the State Prison, informed me that there are over two hundred more prisoners in there now than during the time of the war.

the *heroism* and *determination* to brave the trials of *poverty* in its most frightful *reality*, shall be properly estimated for bearing it, shall be honored and respected for braving it, and not insulted, because they prefer reputable poverty to gaining luxury by riding through the subterraneous passage of *degradation*! And I hope the time will speedily be here when women who have *not* defied God's *wise* ordinance, but have *cheerfully* accepted their destiny by giving *life* and birth to the offspring that he, in his almighty wisdom, chooses to send them, shall not be compelled to live under the same roof with courtesans, or have the street-door shut them out the moment the landlady discovers that they have *not committed* "*fashionable murders*" of "the HOLY INNOCENTS."

And my friends, — you who are acquainted with grief, — do not forget the faith of the little girl, who, it is evident, was inspired by God with the thought, that, in throwing away the handful of shells when in her imminent danger, she would reach the summit of the rugged rock she was climbing; that she compared these toys, even in her childish mind, to the vanities of this world, and that she felt *then* had to be cast aside before she could enter the gate of *salvation*, that is wide open to ALL who earnestly desire to enter; where sits our heavenly and merciful Father on his throne of grace, ready to receive us. And what a solace to those broken in spirit, — to those who are weary of life's stormy waves, and have cast themselves at the foot of the *cross*, — when

remembering Christ's divine words, "In my Father's house are many mansions"! So, let us feel that there is a vacant mansion reserved for *all* of us who cast aside the baubles of this world: let us feel that there are *angels* waiting at the *great* GATE of LIFE, with the lantern of faith, to *usher* us into the *presence* of the EVER-LASTING and ETERNAL GOD.

NOTE RELATIVE TO THE PUBLIC LIBRARY BEING OPEN ON SUNDAY.—Every person must allow that both men and women spending their Sunday by reading wholesome matter would be a *moral* way of passing their time: with regard to whether it is a *religious* one or not, is *another question*. This privilege in the Public Library will not hinder a good Christian from going to his church, or saying his prayers before he enters. And, to those who never go to church, this resort may lead to something good: they may come in contact with a book that may open their *darkened minds*, that have been *shut up* in *ignorance*; and a *bright light* may *gleam* in upon their imaginations, that may *lead* them to *higher and better things*. If the "Public Library" is shut up on Sunday because it is *immoral* to read any thing but the Bible on that day, then why do the laws of the land allow newspapers to be *sold* and *read* on a Sunday? I wish some good man or woman would answer these questions, for they puzzle my brain terribly. Religion is something that no man ought to interfere with his fellow-man about. Whether a man is a Catholic, a Baptist, a Unitarian, a Universalist, or a Deist, is generally because he has been born among them, or baptized in either faith; and what is born in us is rather difficult to eradicate. Each man that professes a certain creed believes *HE* is *right*; and yet we all know that it is not often that ignorant men wrangle about religion, but men of letters. The most *learned*

*men*, all reading from the SAME HOLY BIBLE, actually take different views of the *same sentences* ! Surely this truth should convince us that we ought not to be bigoted, but generous one to another, on a subject that so many benevolent men do not accord with each other about. There is one thing that every believer in the *Son of God* must agree with: that Christ's teachings were *love, charity, and harmony*, and not dogged discord, which must jar upon the ear of his REAL FOLLOWERS as the playing on a broken instrument must grate upon the ear of an accomplished musician. Good men ! open the doors of the Public Library on the *Sabbath*. You will insure much happiness to an intelligent community. Had it not been for *books*, my life would have been a *bitter lot*. Reading has accomplished much towards lessening my manifold and severe trials. If I knew I should never wear any thing but a calico dress again, and live in an attic (where the sun shines in), with enough to eat, and plenty of the RIGHT KIND of books, I should be perfectly contented with my children round me. So much can I say in favor of reading.

# AN APPEAL TO MOTHERS ON TASTE,

AND

IN BEHALF OF "BAND OF HOPE" INSTITUTIONS.

WRITTEN BY MRS. ANNA B. BOONE,

*And delivered before the "Father-Mathew T. A. B. Society, No. 2," on the 27th of January, 1865, corner of Twenty-Third Street and Second Avenue, and all the Temperance Societies in New York, twice at Tremont Temple, Boston, April, 1867, and the Pilgrims Church, Eighteenth Street, New York.*

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — I believe you are aware that the subject I am about to lay before you this evening is, chiefly, advocating temperance from childhood; advocating "Band of Hope" institutions throughout the country. But allow me to preface this address by assuring you that it is a short one; still as much to the point, I trust, as if I spoke for two consecutive hours. I have a great distaste to long lectures or long sermons, even when the orator is fine, and the subject good; that is, if the speaker is long enough to become monotonous: for then the charm vanishes, and we weary of it; and, when this is the case, the intended good does not result therefrom. *Multum in parvo* is my motto.

Drunkenness has been practised for hundreds, yes, thousands, of years ; and has been scorned, scoffed at, and derided in all ages. Even when total abstainers were not in existence, men with immense knowledge, men with brilliant talents, men with capacious brains, and teeming with genius, have been expounding the evil effects of this deleterious habit for years. Hundreds of laborers have worked with the most unremitting zeal in this cause, to crush and root out this disease from the human family, without succeeding in their undertakings. Philanthropic men in the last generation toiled ; men of the same noble stamp in this generation, are now toiling here and there, showing forth, in eloquent language, scientific reasons and causes why this custom is injurious to the bodily health and appearance of mankind ; begetting red noses, bloated cheeks, bluish-white parched lips ; showing when and how it generates and engenders different diseases of the brain, upsets the whole nervous system ; how it corrodes the stomach, creates nausea, and an unnatural appetite for unwholesome food ; showing how respectable workingmen's houses are turned into cheerless hovels ; how the children are neglected, and allowed to grow up in ignorance and idleness, which too often leads to crime. I say all these facts have been shown forth by men in flowing and glowing terms, with truth to back them up, to tens of thousands of persons for a long series of years, and yet drunkenness still exists, and with but little sign of diminution.



New gin-palaces are built in London each succeeding year; every grocery that opens in New York has a portion of the store dedicated to the sale of strong drinks; and nearly all the basements are turned into free-and-easy groggeries.

I am aware that there are thousands of teetotallers; but I am likewise cognizant of the fact that there are *hundreds* of thousands who are not. Why is this, if ours is the right method to lure men away from this evil course? Simply because we have begun at the wrong end. Reform as many *adult* drunkards as you can; but the surest way to have a sober nation is to train up the young to *loathe drink* from their earliest days, — to teach them to abhor and dread the sight of this coiling serpent. Impress upon their minds, that, however charming it may seem at first, it will leave an indelible mark upon its prey, and impregnate their happiness with its deadly sting. Warn them of this sting as you would of a roaring lion; tell them that they must run from it as from the *embrace* of the black bear, who, while he is *hugging* them, is *murdering* them.

In my travels, I have heard hundreds of persons of different nations, both men and women, exclaim, "Would to God I had never tasted this filthy drink!" Of course, they knew, that, if they had never tasted it, they would not then have been poor, besotted drunkards. My friends, these are very sad and appalling sounds to be heard from men, often the heads of families, — to hear

them lifting up their voices bemoaning and bewailing that they had acquired this vicious habit. I say, when we hear men thus earnestly denouncing drink, yet unable to relinquish it, are these facts not sufficient evidences, that, to annihilate this custom forever, we must establish "Bands of Hope" institutions, and begin with the rising generation? Certainly there is no refuting such a question. I feel quite certain that London will eventually gain the ascendancy in the temperance-movement over New York, although it is more than twenty times larger, and doubtless more drinking going on at the present moment. But we have an immense foundation-stone laid there in the shape of thousands of children, some who have grown up to young men and maidens, who had, at the suggestion of their parents, vowed never to touch any kind of alcoholic liquors; so that they do not require to be reformed when they reach glorious man and woman hood. They are spotless; they are free from the *taint* of this *ruinous* drug, which is eating up the vitals of all nations: and poverty, ignorance, and strife reign, instead of wisdom, peace, and plenty. It is not to be denied, in fact, there is no question about it, but that taste in all, most all, instances, can be acquired, whether in eating, drinking, dress, or habits generally. If you see a girl of seventeen or eighteen years of age dressing in all the variegated colors of the rainbow, you may be pretty sure she has a mother whose raiment is as mixed in shades as the

feathers of a parrot, and her head is not much superior in development ; for, no matter what our occupation or station may be, I always think you can discover a *well-balanced brain* by the manner a man or woman may dress and conduct themselves. You can soon perceive what they have been used to at home, and what their social cultivation has been. Of course, there are exceptions to all rules ; but we are more likely to imitate and remember scenes, sayings, and doings at home, longer than all the changes we meet with in after-life.

Many a man has been on the eve of committing a wrong act, and fancied he has heard a good mother's voice ringing in his ears, and has been *deterred* from committing the act. In another lecture, I intend to expatiate further upon this subject. With regard to taste in eating, I did not like sweet-potatoes when I first tasted them, nor corn either. In three years, I liked them exceedingly ; and on my return to England, after living here ten years, I quite missed these American productions, and used to describe them to my friends ; and I would feel much annoyed that they did not seem to appreciate my description. They would laugh at my chagrin, and say, " But we never tasted them, and so don't miss them, if you do." The death of my father caused a great reverse in our circumstances ; and my only sister had to make her valuable education her livelihood ; and so much was she sought after, that she overworked herself, and became weak. As is usually the case, she was

ordered by our medical adviser to drink porter. My friends, I have seen my mother stand by and *make* her take it, with loaf-sugar in her hand to give her to put the taste out of her mouth, just as I do to my Willie when I give him jalap. Two years after, I have seen her drink porter at her dinner without the aid of sugar. When I first heard that ladies in the South chewed snuff, I candidly tell you that I did not give the slightest credence to the report. I thought the lady who informed me was either deranged, or had a very *fertile* imagination. It was not until I had ocular proof that I believed it; because I knew, that, if a morsel of snuff came near my mouth, I should certainly spit it out. Now, this taste *must* have been acquired; for no person could like snuff at first. I shall never forget my horror, during one of my *accouchements*, in the South, seeing my nurse, early in the morning, first take a glass of brandy, then smoke a pipe, and finish by putting a large quid of tobacco in her mouth. I felt quite certain she was not a fit person to have the care of a tender, helpless baby, and determined to inform the doctor that I must have another woman who had none of these propensities. "Lord bless you, madam!" said he, "it will be a hard matter to find a woman such as you want. Why, there is hardly a lady in Hilsbrough but what uses tobacco in some form, — even girls of fifteen years; and I read in a New-York paper, that one of the fashionable shops on Broadway, on an average, sells one hundred dollars' worth of snuff in a day!" So *much* for TASTE!

How often you will hear a cold, conceited, phlegmatic, moderate-drinker say, “ Yes, yes ! it is all very well. But I consider a man that has no power over himself weak ; and a drunkard must have a low mind.” I beg Mr. Moderate-Drinker’s pardon : drunkenness confines itself to no station, to no particular class, grade, or profession. There are drunken kings and drunken beggars. Men with high intellect, and men with *no* intellect, drink. Poets, whose descriptive powers and eloquent language have entranced and charmed you, drink. Actors, whose impersonations have *spell-bound* you, drink. Statesmen, with fine powers of oratory, and whose noble deeds will be handed down to posterity, have drunk. All these different men, with different minds, and in different positions of life, have found themselves, when too late, *slaves to drink !*

What more do you wish me to say to convince you that “ Band-of-Hope ” institutions are necessary to abolish drunkenness, and necessary to the welfare of mankind and Christianity ? What more can I say to convince you moderate-drinkers, that this tyrant, this despot, if once he gets you into his *fangs*, — no matter if you are at the highest pinnacle of rank, — he will prostrate you in the gutter, and level you with the dust ! No matter if you are at the highest pinnacle of fame, through the genius which God gave you, showing that you belong to his nobility, this demon will equalize you with the imbecile, with the maniac.

Some of you whom it has pleased God to place wealth in your hands, set to work with it; for it was not all given to you to consume upon yourselves, but lent to you to help the afflicted, the desolate, and reform the dissolute. What holier province do you want than to bring the drunkard back to his manly footing in society with his fellow-men? Yes, there is a holier responsibility for you fathers and mothers to fulfil; and that is to carry out the efforts that have been made towards quelling the traffic of this *body-and-soul*-destroying liquor. Let me appeal to you women, you mothers, who have much more to do with the forming of the minds of your children than the fathers have; for almost all the great men we have ever had, speaking of their earliest thoughts, feelings, sentiments, and actions, will, with pride, recount that their holiest, highest, and most lasting impressions were inculcated by their mother. How proud we ought all feel that such a mighty province was ordained for woman to fill! But, alas! I fear there are but few of us who carry out the many obligations devolving upon us, and incumbent upon us to exercise and to execute faithfully, as meant by Him who honored us with this sacred name. And yet there is no love so pure and so thoroughly disinterested as the love of a good woman for her child: it is the holiest of loves, because it is entirely divested of passion, it is entirely divested of self. While the senses remain unimpaired, this love never grows cold: this love knows no change.

Brothers and sisters have forgotten each other ; fathers have proved unforgiving to their children ; husbands have been false to their wives, and *vice versâ* ; lovers forget their vows ; and children too often forget their parents : but you rarely hear of a mother forgetting even her *ungrateful, disobedient* children, whose actions have lacerated her heart, and caused dark shadows to glide before her eyes, and enter her very soul. Still there are moments when her faithful heart yearns towards them ; there are moments when the reminiscences of the happy *past* obliterate the *present* sorrow, and the poor, wounded spirit is cheered for a while, because there is still one of the fibres of the root of hope left in her forlorn breast, and a languid smile will flit over her wan and prematurely-faded face. Yes, she forgives, though there is no River Lethe for her to drink from in this life. Showing that her love is the most pure in this world, and the nearest approach to the love that God has so graciously bestowed us, and so openly manifested to us all.

“ How is it, Mrs. Boone ” (said an old bachelor to me, a short time since), — “ how is it there is not more nature in the present age, and less sophistication in society, and that the tender mothers you speak of do not teach their daughters to fit themselves for wives and mothers ? for they all seem to be setting traps to get husbands. Why,” continued he, “ the young ladies of the present day are quite ashamed, should they be igno-

rant of the name of the last new opera and its composer, but would feel quite indignant if they were asked if they knew how to make good soup, or broil a beefsteak.” — “My observing friend,” I replied, “this is an error of judgment, and not of the heart.” — “Then give me a little more judgment, and a little less heart, if this is the result of the error,” replied he. I answered, “Do I not say there are few of us who carry out the many obligations devolving upon us to exercise and execute faithfully? Mothers are far too apt to think *their* children *perfect*, and to flatter themselves that they will never do wrong.” This is one of the greatest evils that a mother can commit towards her child; and, to show you how truthful the analyzation is of this failing in mothers generally, I ask you women here to-night, if you thought that your Willie or Henry that God has been good enough to give to you, — if you thought that these dear ones, whom you have borne and nurtured, would live to become drunkards, would you not at once *denounce* drink, fearing, that, by not doing so, it might prove a stepping-stone to their ruin? I *know* you would, and *you* know you would. But, my friends, you flatter yourselves that your children will know how *much* to *take*, and when to *leave off*. It is this delusion that is the great curse of drink. If men knew how much to take, and when to stop, I query whether we would have ever had occasion for teetotal meetings at all.

Now, as this gentleman asked of me why girls are not



better fitted for an office that they are angling for, I ask you mothers why, when you so love your children, and see and feel the truth of what I am asserting, and hundreds before me have pointed out to you, why do you run the risk of your children travelling the same road? It is not for want of love, my dear friends, but for want of thought. Now, I pray you, do think, and save those whom you would almost die for that they might live!

Some mothers think, that if they keep their children clean, well dressed, and send them to school, they are doing *all* that is required of them. My friends, ask yourselves, Can the young girls who teach your children have the same interest in them that you have? even if they were capable of instilling high principles into their thoughts? No, you answer; and so do I. The excellent schools in this free country are indeed a blessing to the community at large; but I pray you bear in mind that scholastic education is not every thing: it is the education of the *heart*, and the natural instincts that mankind is heir to, that a mother must guide, direct, and turn them into the right channel. And where will you find so prudent a pilot as a mother, if she sees danger hovering over the head of her child? Who will leave all, and risk all, to save her beloved one from some frightful precipice that they are standing on the very brink of? A mother. My friends, let me warn you who are not temperance mothers, that your children are at this moment in the most *imminent* danger, and that it is

high time you put forth your protecting hand to save them by taking the pledge yourselves. And, when you do so, you will feel that you have achieved a great act ; you will then place yourself and offspring upon the high footing that God meant for us *all*. God never intended one of his creatures, whom he honored by making in his "own image," to be a drunkard : he did not give us *sense, talent, and genius* (which we all possess, more or less, in different ways), to be muddled always with gin and beer : he never gave a woman a child, but that he gave her the sense to train and care for it, if she will take the trouble, — just as he prepares and gives her the milk to nourish it. He gave us a *high* standing ; and it is our *own* actions that *lower* us. He places us upon a high mountain ; and it is our fault if we fall into the abyss beneath. God shows clearly the elevated position he meant for us, by giving his precious Son, and allowing him to walk the earth shaped like a man, speaking like a man, and holding communion with man, to show him the nearest way back to salvation. God makes no distinction, further than that the best man is the surest of heaven. The workingman, I think, is the greatest in his estimation if he leads a proper life. And frequently the humbler classes have the most intellect ; but it must be cultivated ; and this you can do yourselves, if you please.

I was never at school, and would not learn at home of my highly-cultivated and noble-minded mother ;

still her pure example and exemplary precepts sunk deeply into my heart ; and I reaped the intended benefit in after-years. I married very young ; and, believe me, when I entered my new career of life, there were few girls who knew less than I did. I am not going to tell you that I am a learned woman *now* : but I will tell you, that I am a thinking woman and a working one ; for this is what I have been for the last twenty years. And I cannot help feeling a little pride, that eight out of the nine living children I have, were never inside a school since they were born. And all they know has been taught them by their mother.

Shall I tell you how the darkness of my ignorance vanished, and the light of my understanding shone forth ? When I became a mother, then rushed upon me the truth of my good mother's precepts and experience ; and I felt the tender chords of my heart touched, and improved my mind, so that I might instruct those who are so near and dear to me.

I need scarcely inform you, thinking mothers here to-night, that I have had a pretty hard task to fit children seven and eight years old to read classically, and so perfectly as to call forth the greatest admiration from some of the most able critics in New York and London. The late well-known poet, Gen. MORRIS, who heard my children several times at Gen. Scott's house, pronounced them, in his "Home Journal," patterns for "children of a larger growth ;" and Miss Charlotte Cush-

man, in a letter to my husband, which I had inserted in "The Herald," wrote that they were the best readers she ever had heard. And, at the tender ages of nine and ten years, I had a salary of two hundred dollars per week, when *dollars* were *dollars*; and, nine years ago, these children appeared and read at all the principal schools in this city; and the same academies are now engaging myself, with fresh branches of the family, to read and recite before the young ladies this winter. This is sufficient evidence to show the estimation they are held in by first-class teachers.

So, my friends, this will plainly demonstrate to you how much can be achieved by determination, discrimination, and cultivating only the talents that we are most likely to shine in, and able to adopt for our livelihood. And I believe every man and woman was meant to be *great* in *something*, and they can *shine* if they like; but there is very little hope of your *continuing* to shine without *temperance* for your motto; and, if you keep to this, you can make yourselves masters of any occupation your inclination may lead you to seek for.

Some people try to push twenty different things into their children's heads at once, to make them *very clever*; but this mode of educating the young always proves a failure. Learn a few things perfectly; and, if you have the genius for more, they will be sure to develop themselves in some part of your lives.

Now, my dear friends, I have given you a slight idea

of what I have had to do to gain an honorable living, and make my mark in this world; and I tell you truthfully, that I would rather be here, showing you the beauties of temperance, and talking to you mothers about the future welfare of your children, than reading at the finest house in the Fifth Avenue. Oh, what a holy labor of love for we mothers to make a deep pit among the drunkards to plant a young tree called "The Band of Hope," so that the branches may come out fresh and green, free from distemper, and the blossom so clear and clean, that, when the fruit comes to maturity, we will find it pure and unalloyed; no *disease* at the core that requires to be expelled, because the *root* was well cared for, put into new earth, and watered with the fountain of life by the fostering care of a mother's hand!

My dear friends, I trust my humble appeal to you this evening has not been in vain. Let us lead our children up to the high position God meant we all should attain. But remember, all your great thoughts, all your determination, all your perseverance to get to the top of the mountain of *fame*, like the "Tower of Babel," will fall to the ground, unless you make your First Step a Firm one, — upon the Solid Rock of Temperance.

## AN ADDRESS TO THE BAND OF HOPE,

WRITTEN BY ANNA B. BOONE,

*And delivered by her son Daniel (nine years old), on Tuesday, Sept. 22, 1862, at the Eclectic Hall, 18 Denmark Street, Soho, London; being the Annual Meeting of the Band of Hope, to which he belonged when five years old. And at the Children's Mission, Tremont Street, Boston, 1870.*

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MY YOUNG FRIENDS, who are members of this Band of Hope, it occurred to me, when I heard this meeting was to take place to-night, that I would ask my mother to write a few lines in the shape of an address to you, to show you, as clearly as I am able, how much I rejoice in belonging to this band. I think a great deal on this subject; but, without my mother's aid, I am unable to express my ideas in language that would be intelligible and agreeable for you to hear. Still I wish you to bear in mind that each sentiment I shall utter this evening is quite in accordance with my thoughts,—as the meaning of every word is explained to me before I deliver it. Now, this subject (TEMPERANCE), we may call a divine subject; for it is the foundation-stone to Christianity: and it is much to be doubted whether a man can, in reality, be a divine without temperance for his motto. For

what man is fit to discuss the mysterious works of our Creator when under the unnatural excitement caused by using alcoholic liquors? Of course, I shall not attempt to explain *why* this fiery drink makes young men like feeble, trembling age; or why it makes men like *idiots* while under its baneful influence,—simply because I am not at present learned enough *so to do*. Yet the youngest child here to-night, who can speak the English language pretty well, knows a *drunken* man from a *sober* one; and, likewise, that the said drunkenness is caused by gin, beer, or some stuff sold in public-houses. In many districts in London, we can behold these wretched drunkards in every street we pass through. But we must not deride and scorn these unhappy people; for, in all probability, they were never sent to these “Band of Hope” meetings when they were children like you and me here to-night.

How grateful we ought to be to a kind Providence that such a place has been instituted, and open to any child who may wish to come and learn good precepts, from willing and capable teachers, who are most zealous in the noble cause. I consider these “Band of Hope” meetings the greatest movement that the Temperance League has ever made towards crushing drunkenness; because you and I cannot desire a thing we have never tasted; and, surely, nothing can ever tempt us to touch an article that we have been taught to know will injure our bodily health as well as our brain.

What a happy thought for us, large and small, here to-night, who are, as it were, younger soldiers in this hopeful band ready to fight for our cause, and defend it at all hazards, if necessary ! but the weapon we will carry to defend us will be a *clear head*, — which will direct our tongues to battle with our opposers, — rather than swords and pistols.

I say what a happy thought to feel that we are in a fair way of becoming vigorous, robust, healthy, rational, reputable, and in every way creditable men. These are blessings we ought not to treat lightly ; and in years hence we shall feel fully what evils we have escaped by joining this glorious society. Yes ; and I have no doubt but there are many boys here to-night who think just as I do on this subject ; for we little boys think more deeply than you grown people give us credit for. The great beauty of being an abstainer is, that we can be sober wherever we go, and consequently must be respected in whatever grade fate may please to place us.

No matter what our calling may be through life, if we keep *temperance* for our *motto*, *honesty* for our coat-of-arms, *truth* for our guide, and the *fear of God* in our *hearts*, we shall stand equal in *his* sight to the first *noble* in the *land*, even if he wear a *crown upon his head*.



## AN ADDRESS

TO PERSONS WHO TAKE BEER AND OTHER STIMULANTS  
BECAUSE THEY ARE "USED TO THEM, BUT DON'T CARE  
ABOUT THEM."

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WRITTEN BY MRS. ANNA B. BOONE,

*And delivered by her little son Daniel (nine years old), at the Royal  
Coliseum, Regent's Park, London, Nov. 9, 1863.*

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LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I<sup>?</sup> fear you will think a temperance-lecture out of place to-night, at such an entertainment as the present one, especially being delivered by a little boy; but I am such an advocate in a cause that I have practised *all my life*, and found the benefits therefrom, that I cannot resist the temptation of addressing so fair an assembly of lovely ladies and intellectual-looking men: in fact, I think it becomes all persons who are stanch teetotallers, no matter how young or old they are, no matter where they are placed, to say a few words on so important a subject,—a subject that so greatly affects the community at large.

Now, I have been nine years a practical member of this glorious temperance society; and although I am not old enough to be designated a man, yet I am old

enough to know right from wrong ; and I feel that I have been guided into the right path, — the path of total abstinence. There is no mistake about it, “total abstinence” is the word, and nothing short of it. I have a few suggestions to make to you moderate drinkers. A great many exclaim that they take beer “because they are *used* to it,” and that they “don’t care about it,” mark you, but don’t think they have a right to give it up because others get drunk. Now, my friends, there is neither logic nor reason in either of these arguments, and to use a Latin phrase, *argumentum ad ignorantiam*, a foolish argument ; for we all know, that taking beer because they are used to it is not a signification that the action is right, because they have made a habit of it ; for we can habituate ourselves to almost any thing if our minds are at all so inclined, whether good or evil. And again : these moderate drinkers argue that they have no right to give it up, when they never get drunk. How is it possible for them to be sure they will never get intoxicated ? For there are not ten men out of a thousand that ever look to become drivelling sots when they take the first glass ; and yet the first glass is the foundation to this crushing curse, — *intemperance*. And you moderate drinkers will not leave off this custom, although you daily witness its direful effects as being so detrimental in every way to society, because you are quite sure you will never take too much. Presumptu-

ous men!—when so many learned men, great men, yes, and even good men, have found themselves slaves, chained down to poverty by this demoniac tyrant, King Alcohol. Now, you who “do not care for beer,” why don’t you abjure it altogether, if only from a kind Christian feeling towards your fellow-men, whose minds may not be so capable of resistance as you attest yours to be, and who are in a fair way of becoming drunkards? for the sake of the rising generation, more especially when you remember that your own offspring are among them?

Let me beseech you, all who don’t care about this loathsome drink, to try my system for three months. WATER, WATER! beautiful water, exhilarating water, that never clouds the understanding, but refreshes the drooping, and restores the fainting, without the smallest drop of brandy in it. I say, try my system for three months, and I will guarantee that you will find your brain clearer, your feet lighter (without staggering), and your general health invigorated. I feel in the finest state of health; and I have never touched any kind of stimulant since I was born. Some of you will say, “Yes, yes; but you have never worked.” I reply, “Don’t you be too sure of that;” for my mother says, that my earnings for the last two years have not only supported myself, but helped her too. My vocation is to speak pieces that she writes for me; and often and often is it past twelve o’clock before I retire to rest. So you per-

ceive I am a worker, and am proud of work ; and we workers are the men who should speak our experience, — we who know what labor is. Where might I have been by this time, and what might I have been, if I had taken the delicious, black, sticky porter two or three times a day ? Still you must not think I am without my troubles and temptations because I am a teetotaler, and not a married man : in fact, I think we bachelors are in greater danger than you married folks ; for your wives take such good care of you, — the buttons put on your beautiful clean shirts, and your clothes brushed down just before you are going out ; and some of the little darlings actually comb and curl your hair ; and, when they have finished you off to perfection, they won't let you off without a sweet kiss, saying, " Be sure to be back to dinner, John ; for, if you don't come, I shall not be able to touch a bit ; " and, last of all, she makes her lovely fat baby say, " Ta, ta, da, da. "

Many a fair hand has put a goblet of wine under my nose to tempt me ; but I have turned from it as a sane man would from a dose of laudanum. Yes, my friends ; and, if you will do the same, the stigma of drunkenness will ere long be entirely obliterated from our fair land, and, eventually, teetotalism will reign predominant throughout the world ; and the present existing state of things will be spoken of in the past tense by mothers to their children, just as they relate fairy tales now-a-days, — that in olden times there was a slow poison sold that

fascinated persons, and that, the more they drank it, the more they wanted it; and on they would drink until their senses were entirely gone; and they would do the most outrageous things when under the influence of this injurious beverage. And when the effects of the drink had passed away, and these persons became perfectly sober again, on being told of the acts they had committed, and the sayings they had said, excessive shame would pervade their countenances; and they would protest that they had determined never to touch the filthy stuff any more. And yet again they were lured, and again and again; for this drink had the fascination of a rattlesnake for them. And this degraded mode of living, my dear children (the mother will add), went on for hundreds of years, until the glorious sons of temperance set their bright example, and emancipated us from this thralldom, and freed us from these black iron chains, and eradicated this noxious custom from the universe. And the little children with clasped hands will answer, "O mother! how glad we are *we* did not live in those days, when men, with their proper senses God had given them, drank stuff that they knew would take those senses away, and lie down like beasts in the open streets." The mother will press her little ones to her bosom, and humbly ejaculate, "Amen!"

O my friends! come and join us to-night; and this little episode I have introduced will come to pass all the sooner. Come and sign the pledge to-night, and let the

black cloud (drunkenness), pass away at once from this earth, that the bright star of temperance may shine forth on this terrestrial territory as brilliantly as one of those silvery planets that we may so often see glittering in God's celestial hemisphere.

## AN ORIGINAL TEMPERANCE-LECTURE,

*Written by Anna B. Boone for the "Cold Water Army," or "Band of Hope," and delivered by her Son, Daniel Boone, the Youngest Temperance Orator in the World, at Roger Williams Hall, Providence, on the 30th of January, 1867; and at Tremont Temple, Boston.*

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"Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

MATT. xxi. 15, 16.

"Genius when young is divine." — DISRAELI.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, — I am happy to be with you again to-night to speak upon my favorite subject, — temperance. Some of you, who do not belong to this organization, may exclaim, on leaving this hall, "What right has that child or anybody to be talking to us as if we were a set of drunkards?" My friends, this is not the question. We didn't say that you are drunkards because you do not belong to us; and, very probably, at this moment there is not one man in this room who could be called by such a name. But we ask if you have denounced drink publicly? Have you abolished it from your house, from your table, privately? If not, you are indirectly encouraging drunkenness. With regard to my age, it is of little consequence whether I am eleven years old, or fifty years old, and of still less

account whether I am four feet high or six feet high, so I deliver my sentiments plainly and to the point, so that those whom I address understand me: am I speaking the truth? These are the questions you must ask yourselves, and at the same time remember, age does not always develop brains. Disraeli says, genius, when young, is divine. Extreme youth overthrew the Persian empire; and I am trying to overthrow the cursed gin-shops that my fair country is inundated with at the present moment. A short time ago, I was looking over an old scrap-book of my mother's, and found the following statement, cut out of "The New-York Times," dated 1856: "On Monday evening last, one of the Boston station-houses presented a scene, which, by those who witnessed it, will be long and painfully remembered. Some of the officers of that station had been called into a tenement to quell a disturbance, and there found Mrs. Margaret Murphy in a state of unconscious drunkenness, with her little infant crying on her breast, and the older child, a boy of seven years, rolling about the room in a state of maudlin intoxication. The whole party were taken to the station-house, where the drunken shouts of the mother, and the insanely sad croaks of the drunken boy, mingled in the distressed chorus with the plaintive wailings of the infant child." This case occurred ten years ago; and doubtless many, many such cases have happened since. Therefore, my friends, do you not think it is high time that we little temperance



boys should mount the rostrum to speak on this holy subject, to show forth its lasting beauty, its purity, and godliness, when comparative infants can relish this deadly poison as if it was their mother's milk? I joined the Band of Hope when I was five years old; and my baby-work can be seen at 18 Denmark Street, Soho, London; and from that period I began repeating teetotal pieces, and by the time I was eight years old I was engaged at the Royal Coliseum, Regent's Park, by the well-known Nimo, at one time the manager of Jenny Lind, to deliver my first temperance-lecture, entitled "To those who take Beer and other Stimulants because they are used to them, but don't care about them." So you perceive, my friends, I began pretty young to plunge into the spring of cold water. On the 12th of May, 1866, at the American Temperance Alliance, held at the Cooper Institute, New York, I was presented with a medal, before three thousand persons, for being the youngest temperance orator in the world; and I fervently hope that I shall go on lecturing, speaking, and singing for this wise and upright cause, if I live to be a hundred years old. God forbid I should live to forget the value of the golden precept, temperance! and I am quite sure, then, those who love me dearly would pray to see me dead at this moment (and I would join them in this prayer), if I thought it possible I could ever forget my Band-of-Hope pledge, which I feel to be a "pearl far above price;" for as my mother remarks, in her "Ap-

peal to Mothers," "drunkenness confines itself to no particular age, class, grade, or profession : there are drunken *hogs*, and drunken *men* ; there are drunken kings, and drunken beggars. Men with high intellect, and men without intellect, drink. Poets whose descriptive powers and eloquent language have entranced and charmed you drink. Actors whose impersonations have spell-bound you drink. Statesmen with fine powers of oratory, and whose noble deeds will be handed down to posterity, have drunk. All these different men, with different minds, and in different positions of life, have found themselves, when too late, slaves to drink." If there are any children in this hall who comprehend what I am saying, and agree with these sentiments, don't let anybody put you down by laughing at you, and saying, "You are too young to understand such subjects." Let them know, that, young as you may be, you do understand them. And ask these sceptics if they remember the twenty-first chapter of St. Matthew, the fifteenth and sixteenth verses : "Then the children cried in the temple, saying, Hosanna to the son of David ! The chief priests were sore displeased, and said to Jesus, Hearest thou what these say ?" What was his answer ? "Yea, have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

So you perceive, my young friends, we have even God himself corroborating what I have just stated, — that little people may have large brains. I know a man in New

York who said he could not think how any sensible person could listen to the lecture of such a child as I am ; and that he did not think I was any thing more than one of Barnum's monstrosities. Of course, this will prove to you that he had read but little, or he would not have made use of such stupid language ; but I am happy to say the many do not think as he does. Why, the greatest captains of ancient and modern times both conquered Italy at twenty-five. Don John of Austria won Lepanto at twenty-five. Gaston de Foix was only twenty-two when he stood victor on the Plains of Ravenna. John de Medicis was a cardinal at fifteen years of age. John Wesley worked with young brains. Pascal, the greatest of Frenchmen, wrote a great work at sixteen. Was it experience that guided the pencil of Raphael when he painted the palace of Rome ? Bolingbroke and Pitt were both ministers before other men leave off cricket. Grotius was in practice at seventeen, and attorney-general at twenty-four. Æquaviva was general of the Jesuits, ruled every cabinet in Europe, and colonized America, at thirty-five. What a career ! The secret sway of Europe : that was indeed a position ! And I could give you fifty more such instances if my time would permit. "The history of heroes," says Disraeli, "is the history of youth."

When I delivered two lectures at the first New-England National Temperance Convention, held in Boston, at Tremont Temple, Oct. 3 and 4, 1866, I was delighted

to hear a speech from Master Green of South Boston, — another monstrosity, as my learned friend in New York would say ; for the young gentleman is only two years older than I am. And I hope, by the time the next national meeting takes place, there will be fifty such demonstrations of Young America. Call us by what name you please : any appellation you may choose to use will not take from the good that we temperance-boys are determined to achieve. Remember, we are the rising generation ; and we are bound to have no drinking in our Senate, no drinking in our Congress. We want sober men, who will show themselves capable of baffling our enemies, if required, at the shortest notice ; and this is what no man can accomplish with Bourbon on the brain. We want those who rule this extensive country to have a finely-developed brain, not one who takes that which steals his brains away. I think that Daniel Boone and Master Green ought to feel proud, that, at the convention, they were allowed on the rostrum with some of the best and most learned men in this country to deliver their sentiments on this great question, — total abstinence. And the name of this boy and myself is mentioned, with a portion of the speeches we delivered, in a large pamphlet, which has been printed, of all the proceedings, as reported by Mr. W. G. Tousey ; and, at the conclusion, the Rev. Phineas Stowe in his prayer was pleased to mention me, and hoped, that, when many of those brothers who had spoken that day might be in their graves, I would again

stand upon that platform to speak on a subject that should engage the attention of every good Christian ; and, with the protection and direction of a kind Providence, I hope to fulfil his pious wish.

Many persons say we ought to have nothing of a merry nature at our temperance-meetings, and that we ought to say nothing that will make our audiences laugh. I wish to know why we should not be as happy and joyful at these gatherings as we are at our tea-table. I am acquainted with people who are so horribly fanatical, that they actually protest that it is a sin to laugh. I want to know why this faculty was given to us by our Creator, if it is sinful to use it. The very first indication of sense that a pure, undefiled, innocent babe of four or five weeks old gives us, in return for our loving, tender words and caresses, is a smile which beams like an extra sun sent forth from the very soul of paradise to gladden our hearts, and reminds us of our Redeemer's touching speech, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." And these innocents at eight and nine months actually laugh aloud, which shows that there is truth, beauty, innocence, and purity in a harmless laugh. And remember, we are not all organized alike. Some people love to laugh ; others, to cry, like the two philosophers of old : and I say, let us humor these opposites, if we wish to benefit society. Let us make everybody by moral suasion an abstainer, and *not* by *compulsion*. We cannot

expect to draw all men away from their convivial meetings, unless they have something to amuse them. I think Mr. John B. Gough shows his wisdom when he makes his hearers feel happy. This is the great secret why he gets so many to sign the pledge: they see that it does not require either wine or whiskey to create cheerfulness. If we take an expansive view of this subject, we will find that there is much to be grateful and thankful for in this *wicked world*, as some people are so apt to call it. *No*, my dear friends, this is a beautiful world; for notwithstanding the vile slanders that go on from day to day, notwithstanding the thieves and drunkards that are still in existence, notwithstanding all the rebellious crimes that frail humanity continues to be heir to, still God showers down His blessings upon us. For when we plant the wheat, our mortal staff of life; when we plant the acorn, which spreads into the stupendous, mighty, and useful oak, — down comes the uncontaminated water from heaven to moisten, and set it firmly in the earth, and out shines the warm, loving sun, to bring these blessings to maturity; showing that it is the inhabitants who are wicked, and not the world, and so clearly revealing to us that “God is love.” Yes, my friends, this is a beautiful world.

I cannot help laughing when I see people with every luxury this world can produce, and that gold can procure for them, looking as wretched as if they were going to be hung. But I forgot these people do smile

sometimes, and talk baby-talk, but not to a disagreeable child, for they hate children, but to a dear little doggie, — the dear little lambs ! Ah, my friends ! many a little doggie is sleeping on the lap of a finely-dressed lady, and fed on the best food, while little children are homeless, houseless, and hungry, and driven off the door-steps of some grand mansion, as if they were in reality dogs, and had never a soul to be saved. Poor little children ! How frequently do we read in our dailies, “A young thief,” or “a hard character, only ten years old !” — in fact, continually do we hear of the delinquencies of youth, which are generally shown out in the broadest possible light. We are all too apt to forget that those sprites are born in houses little better than dog-kennels, and that the first nourishment they receive is *gin*, through their mothers’ milk ; and that hundreds, in large cities, lie in filthy alleys ; with the stones for their couch, and nothing but the canopy of heaven to cover them. And yet everybody knows that Christ blessed little children. May his wings shelter these neglected ones ! Look well into these truths, you who bestow your time in washing, feeding, and kissing your lap-dogs. Does not this statement show us a good reason why we should *all* take the pledge, — more especially we young people.

I am glad to find so many Sunday schools in this refined city. What a blessing, that Mr. B. W. Williams does not hate children ! for he has the largest Sunday schools in Boston. What a blessing that the Rev. Father

Haskins, of the same city, does not hate little children, but leads the wanderer, who, for want of parents or proper ones, has gone astray, back to the straight road of honesty, goodness, and truth ! And God must bless such men as these. No matter what their creed may be, their example will shine brightly in this "naughty world."

Now, you boys who have not signed the pledge, come, one and all, forth boldly, and put your name down to-night. Let temperance be *our king* in this free country, and let us be loyal subjects all the days of our life ! Let we youths of America clasp this great emblem of peace to our hearts as a loving mother does her lost child when restored to her ! Let us eschew evil, and court all that is really good ; for, without this determination, we cannot be really *great*. Let us be one united band of brothers in this cold-water army ; and *then* we will prove that we *really* are the *greatest nation* in the *world*.



## A FEW SOLID QUESTIONS TO RUM-DRINKERS.

*Written by Anna B. Boone, and delivered by her Son Daniel, on Sunday, twenty-fifth December, 1864, at the first Father Mathew's Society organized in New York, 361 Broome Street, and at every Temperance Society in New York and Brooklyn.*

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MY BROTHERS AND FRIENDS, — The former lecture I delivered to you was especially addressed to persons who affirm that they take beer and other stimulants because they are used to them, but don't care about them; alleging that they will never take too much, and that they can leave it off whenever they please. Well, we have asked them to *please* to do it at *once*; and some of them have done so: but we will leave, for the *present*, this class of drinkers to their own reflections, and make an appeal to those persons who take drink because they *do* care about it. In the first place, I hope and believe every man in this hall is perfectly sober, at least for *to-night*; then, while you are quite yourselves, and are feeling and acting like rational beings, let me ask you a few plain, honest, straightforward, solid questions. Does brandy, gin, or rum increase your health if you are weak? Does it increase your intellectual qualities?

*No.* Does it make you wake in the morning bright, happy, with good appetite and good temper, as sober men? You answer, *No.* Does it make your pocket more able to answer the demands on Saturday night? *No.*, will be the response to all these questions by every man whose brain is clear from the stupefying liquor. My drinking friends, — yes, my dear drinking friends, — I call for you to bear in mind, we teetotalers are your best friends; and it is because you are dear to us that I am here to-night to talk to you; and although some of you may laugh at me, a little boy, giving my advice and my experience, I will answer you as Brutus did Cassius, if you do. I care not; for I feel the time is fast approaching when hundreds will shake me by the hand, and say, “Thank God, Daniel Boone, I am a Father Mathew’s man now!” Oh, how joyful I will feel each time I hear those words vibrate upon my ear! because I want men to join us with their *hearts*, as well as signing with their hands. But to return to my solid questions, and to show you that this drinking custom is quite a monomania. I will illustrate it thus: Will you wear a shoe longer than you can help it, if it pinches your little toe, that, perhaps, has a big corn on it? *No.*, you will kick it off the first opportunity. Would you like me to take a piece of glass, and scrape the skin off your palate or throat? If I did so, I guess you would kick me as you did the shoe that pinched your corn. Now, my friends, why don’t you kick the burning glass

of brandy away? for that not only scorches your palate and throat, but tears the thin, delicate skins of your stomach, — *lacerates* them and *ulcerates* them, consequently rendering the digestive organs incompetent to fulfil their functional power. If a thief comes into your house, and strips the dress off your wife's back, and empties your cupboard, would you not give him such a kick that would send him sprawling into the gutter? I can tell you, I would, if any man touched *my* wife, or robbed my children of bread; and the law would help to punish him too. And yet, my friends, you permit this *hellish*, insidious snake, BRANDY, to creep into your house, and divest those dear to you of raiment and food, — in fact, of *every thing*, and, worse than all, your senses, and your glorious identity to your Maker, who made you in "his own image." Now, why don't you give this snake such a kick that will shiver him to atoms forever; for remember, there is no public law for this *thief*: therefore you must take the law into your own hands. Let me implore you to exert your moral courage and strength, and *pluck* this *fiery fiend* from your brain, *wrench* him from your *hearts*, thrust him from your homes, or he will soon level them into dens no better than dog-kennels, — not fit for man to dwell in, who, in his natural state, is God's most glorious work. Does it not seem to you madness, when you calmly reason this matter, that men with good sense, talent, and thousands with genius, should deliberately injure their mental capabili-

ties, as well as physically enfeeble themselves, thereby rendering their actions unfit for an example to their children, unfit to be called by the holy name of father, unfit to be called by the holy name of son or brother, and the sacred name of husband? Young as I am, these truths have been pointed out to me, and their consequences, by her who knows me best; and I can appreciate them. Now, my dear friends, I am calling your attention to these facts, and entreat you to join me in appreciating them, and viewing my statements in a proper light, which is, that *brandy* robs you and your loved ones at home, while it dresses and feeds your bitterest enemies; and your hard earnings pay for it. I assert this statement to be a living truth, and I dare any man to say it is a lie. Are your feelings never wounded, when you are buying your brandy, to see the man or woman who is selling you this *poison*,—yes, selling you your *death-warrant*,—I say, do you not feel a twitch of conscience to see those persons dressed in fine broadcloth and silks, with watches, chains, and rings, and perhaps your wife wishing she could get only a respectable calico dress, and can't afford to buy it, or a sick child at home languishing for some little dainty that the poor, distressed mother is unable to procure for it? My deluded friends, you know, and I know, and everybody knows, that, when you are leading a sober life, you would fly to get your sick child every thing in your power; yes, and even work over-time for your beloved offspring, and to make

your home a happy one. So do you not plainly perceive that this filthy drink actually takes from you your noble qualities and feelings as a father, son, or brother, and makes you neglect *her* whom you have taken for life to share your joys and your sorrows, and your grand aspirations as men become *numbed*, *nulled*, and void, and at last every good and noble feeling in your breast is corrupted; and, when this is the case, you are lower than the quadruped animal. But, after all, these tender feelings, these noble qualities, these grand aspirations, *hereditary* to man, *inherent* in his nature, are only at this moment drowned in the drunkard's breast in brandy; and, if you choose, you can raise your head out of it, and swim to dry land, to soar above this burning river as high as the eagle does above the pitiful wasp. And then your home will once more become bright, and the faces of those dear to you will be radiant and beaming with happiness; and the sight of this fairylike change will be as *welcome* to your hearts as the brilliant sun is to us all, when it shines forth in its *majestic glory* on a bleak, cloudy, *wintry* day. Some people say to my mother, "Mrs. Boone, you teach your boy too much for his age, and let him descant on subjects deep enough for men to argue on." She replies, "I feel we mothers cannot begin too early to teach our children good precepts. 'Train up a child in the way he should go.' Look at your little boys at ten and eleven years old, smoking and chewing. Listen to their *foul*, *obscene* language, and

ask yourselves whether their little *bodies, brains, and hearts* are not overtaxed with this early depravity. No, no: my boy is fitted, both mentally and physically, for the path I have chosen for him to tread in; and, with the help of divine Providence, I feel he will achieve much good." And so I will, my friends, if I am spared. I would walk any night in rain or snow to extricate even *one* drunkard out of the dark swamp he is stuck in, out of the obnoxious cesspool he is fast *sinking* into, if he will only join us heart and hand in this cause, and accept Father Mathew's godlike legacy, which will prove a *crown of olive-leaves* to his *burning, aching brow*, and diffuse peace, joy, and genial warmth through his heart in this world, and which eventually will guide him into the *narrow path* that leads us to eternal glory, where Father Mathew *now* dwells with the FATHER OF ALL MANKIND.

# INTRODUCTION

TO

## ANNA BOONE'S LIFE-BATTLE WITH THE THREE B'S OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,—THE BUMBLE- BEES, BUTTERFLIES, AND BARBARIANS.

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I HAVE read, that the meeting and receding of the under-currents of the ocean affect the surface of the water in many ways at different periods; sometimes causing a sleepy calmness, at other times a great swelling, and, again, a raging madness: and yet the masses are *ignorant* of the reason of these *apparently* unaccountable and uncontrollable changes, simply because they are *ignorant* of the CAUSE. Few men believe in *any thing*, unless it comes *within* their comprehension, and they have themselves *tested* the genuineness of the article or subject in question. Hundreds of thousands of men see these natural changes, and are content to say, "God does these things," without exercising the intellect that *He* gave them to inquire into the *why* and wherefore of their existence. No men on earth are more ignorant than sailors, as a *body*; and yet no men have greater scope for improving their intellectual and Christian knowledge, and of seeing daily the hundreds of specimens of God's boundless wonders in natural productions, of which the most insignificant in appearance (if we only knew it) may be of the greatest importance and value. These men are generally taciturn, yet conceited, and are frequently absolutely devoid of all sublimity of sentiment; for, if a germ existed, surely it

would be called forth, and expand into wisdom, on witnessing the continual and rapid proofs that God is everywhere (*but it is not so*).

How apt we *all* are to pass by "little things," and admire only that which is dazzling and grand to the eye, without knowing whether it is useful, and really worthy of our admiration! And yet, upon reflection, we can trace the same great incomprehensible Artist's visible yet invisible omnipresence in the smallest seed, or the fresh blade of grass, that we so often carelessly tread on, — just as, in the magnificent Sun that peeps in between our shutters, silently informing us the morning of *another* day has *come*, to begin either our toil, renew our pleasures, or, perhaps, to recall some sad trial that balmy sleep had shut out from our vision for a time.

Thousands of people view these "little things" as insignificant, nor once think of how much we are indebted to them for comfort, affluence, health (yes, and in manifold ways these tiny things become *mighty*), and that life-giving results spring *even* from *little blades of grass*. Now, as I have spoken of the *under-currents* of the *ocean*, that so few of the "*many*" know any thing about, and of their mightiness in swaying the tides, and of "little things" that so few contemplate about, and yet again remind my reader of their *greatness*, — now, there is something more that I wish particularly to call the attention of my readers, especially the *young*; and this is the *under-currents* of society. Much MORE depends on the *good* or *evil* among *private* circles than public men, — I mean men holding high office, — because these are but a FEW out of *millions*. Should a public man be a despot, he is "the observed of all observers," and can only go to a *certain* length of despotism; but the PRIVATE TYRANT OF SOCIETY can commit THOUSANDS of DEGRADED *deeds* that none but the OPPRESSED can feel or know any thing about.

When Mrs. Lincoln gave parties at the White House during the war, everybody knew it (these deeds had better been left undone,



I acknowledge); but still people seem to disremember the FACT, that, if OTHER WOMEN had not accepted the invitations, there could have been no parties at all!! Not a comment was made on *any lady* but the *President's WIFE*. The people did not choose HER to preside over this *nation*, but her HUSBAND; and whatever *defects* or merits she possessed previously, would not be made different, because He was chosen to be the chief-magistrate. Mr. Dyer showed forth the Water-Street degradations, and, I think, did much good; although I cannot agree with him in thinking that the late John Allen was the most wicked man in New York. In the first place, that would be a most difficult problem to *solve* in *such* a city; and, in the second place, John did not AFFECT to be a GOOD man, but candidly acknowledged he was a BAD ONE, which took away a portion of his sins *instantly* (at least, so thought one of our old philosophers). How many persons there are in this world, defined as *noble* and *grand*, both men and women, and who in *reality* are most *debased*! and others, who are slandered without *one atom* of *truth*: these facts have come directly under my observation. The former people compose the *chief part* of the "under-currents" of society that affect the outer world, and are able either to ELEVATE or DEGRADE it, because they have the power, with *money* or *position* (and too often both); consequently can *silently*, but EFFECTUALLY, work their good or evil desires. I have travelled through the principal cities of England, Scotland, and America; and many a time, when I have witnessed the actions of "private" people in private life, I have bethought me, if a Queen did this, or a President, or a poet, or a Governor, an actor, or actress, how quickly the world would be made cognizant of the whole affair, with TEN THOUSAND ADDITIONS! When public people *rise* or *retire*, go out or come in, everybody knows it. What they wear or eat is actually made the topic of conversation from the nobleman's castle down to the laborer's cottage. And, oh! if we could *sometimes* take a PEEP into the CASTLE

or the COTTAGE window, what SCENES might meet our eye ! I am not a believer in PLACES making minds *pure* : it is in the *mind* of the individual that purity exists, and the *associations* that help to purify. Some writers expatiate on the purity of country-life, as if the inhabitants were really better. Of course, the air is clearer and more wholesome ; but oftentimes there is more *gabble* and *slander* going on in a small village than in a large city. The FOULEST DEEDS have been committed in villages. The most atrocious murders have been perpetrated by rustics, out in the green fields, under the broad blue sky, in the VERY FACE OF HEAVEN, with the chaste, silvery moon shedding down her soft rays of light upon the murderers and their victims. The blood has been found on the rich, green, velvet moss ; the graceful trees have fanned the face of the murderer ; and millions of brilliant stars, flashing like diamonds, have witnessed these fulsome deeds.

When I went to a lovely town in Vermont, after my boy, I had only been a few hours there, when I was informed that the wife of one of the wealthiest men in that place had just given birth to a child by one of her *husband's* most *intimate* friends. Subsequently, I staid a few nights with this family ; and the husband's sister informed me of the whole affair. No excuse : this couple had lived happily for eleven years ; the wife had every luxury. No *poverty*, *foul air*, *dirt*, nor *corruption* was near her ; *only* her OWN corrupted HEART. After the birth of the babe, she went home to her mother's, and left him whom she had promised to be faithful to, holding his head down in shame till the *end of his days*. There was no *doubt* about any of this sad case ; for, thinking she was going to die, she had written a full confession to her husband : the child was born under HIS *roof*. And, in the same town, a girl of fourteen years was on the eve of becoming a mother !! Suppose these crimes had been committed by *Public People*, what a FEAST the gossips and slanderers would have had ! There is not a sin in existence, but

has taken place in a country town or village, showing, that where frail humanity dwells, THERE LIVES SIN ALWAYS (of course, more or less, according to the number of inhabitants); and that a really pure mind, and keen appreciators of God's creations, are to be found in *lonely attics* and *back rooms* in dirty streets, is not to be doubted. When Mrs. Stowe attacked Byron, and Mr. Fulton Dickens, they both had been men of genius, and public men (only a very few would have heard a word about them, had they been every-day sort of folks, in PRIVATE LIFE, even had they committed the foulest acts). If Mr. Fulton had only thought of the fact that several CLERGYMEN not far from Boston were guilty of a crime even MORE *heinous* than the one that Byron was FALSELY *accused* of, I think he might have been SILENT on the subject of Mr. Dickens's separating from his wife, merely because their *tempers* were *incompatible*. If every man that is unfaithful to his marriage-tie is sent to *perdition*, I much fear old BEELZEBUB will have to *enlarge* his subterranean Castle to make room for them!!\*

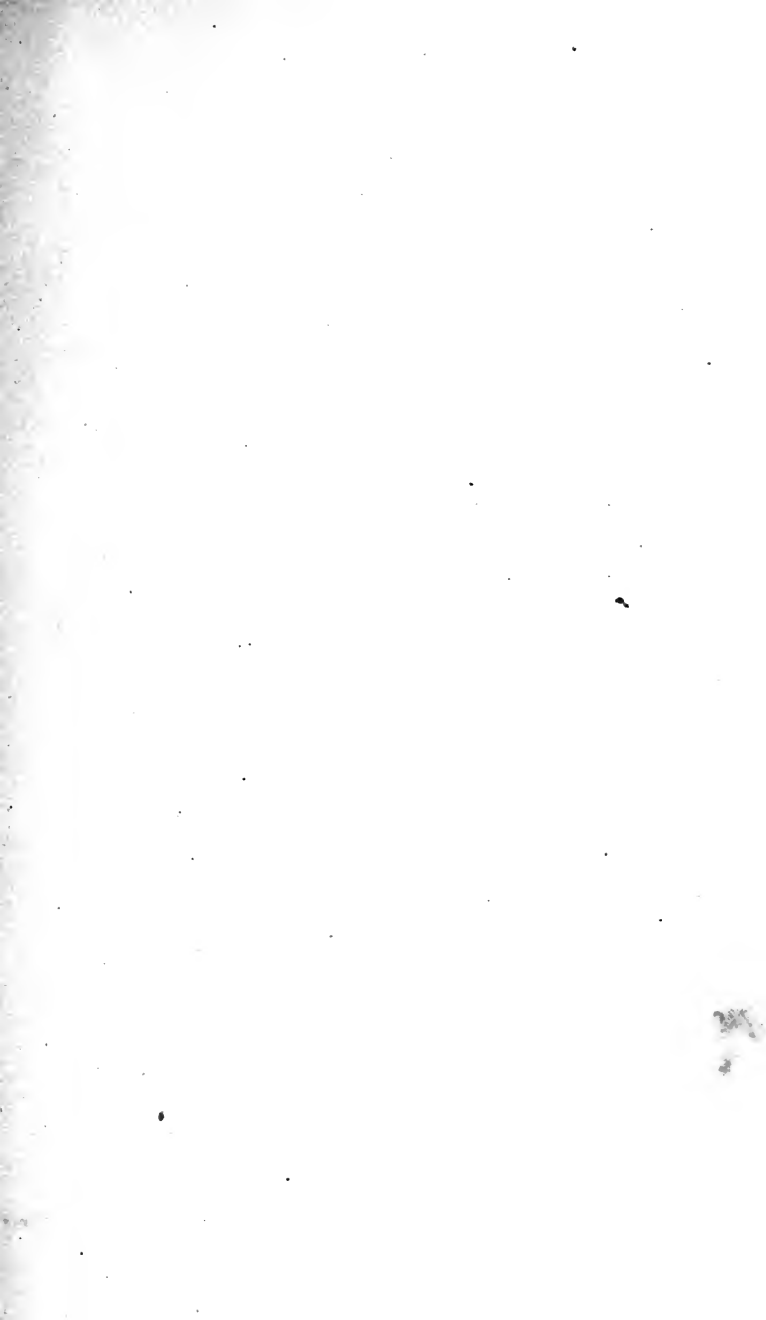
The printers have sent for these few sheets, so I am compelled to stop before I have written half that I wish to say, and will just add, we all too frequently forget that it is private people that make up the million, and are in REALITY the *rulers* of *every* nation. Every evil that has been repealed, both in England and America, was done by the MASSES in private life, — not by a *king*, a *president*, or an *emperor*. In speaking of the different *Bumblebees*, *Butterflies*, and *BARBARIANS* that I have had to fight with in my "Life-Battle,†" I shall call them all by their *true* names; and I beg to inform my readers that they are all LIVING, so can answer for them-

\* If the alleged slander against *Fulton* be false, still let us admire *Tilton* for stating what he does while the man is ALIVE, and able to answer for HIMSELF, which he *has done* at the TEMPLE, and on the *same platform* where he vilified the dead man. (This is retribution, my friends!!) God never forgets.

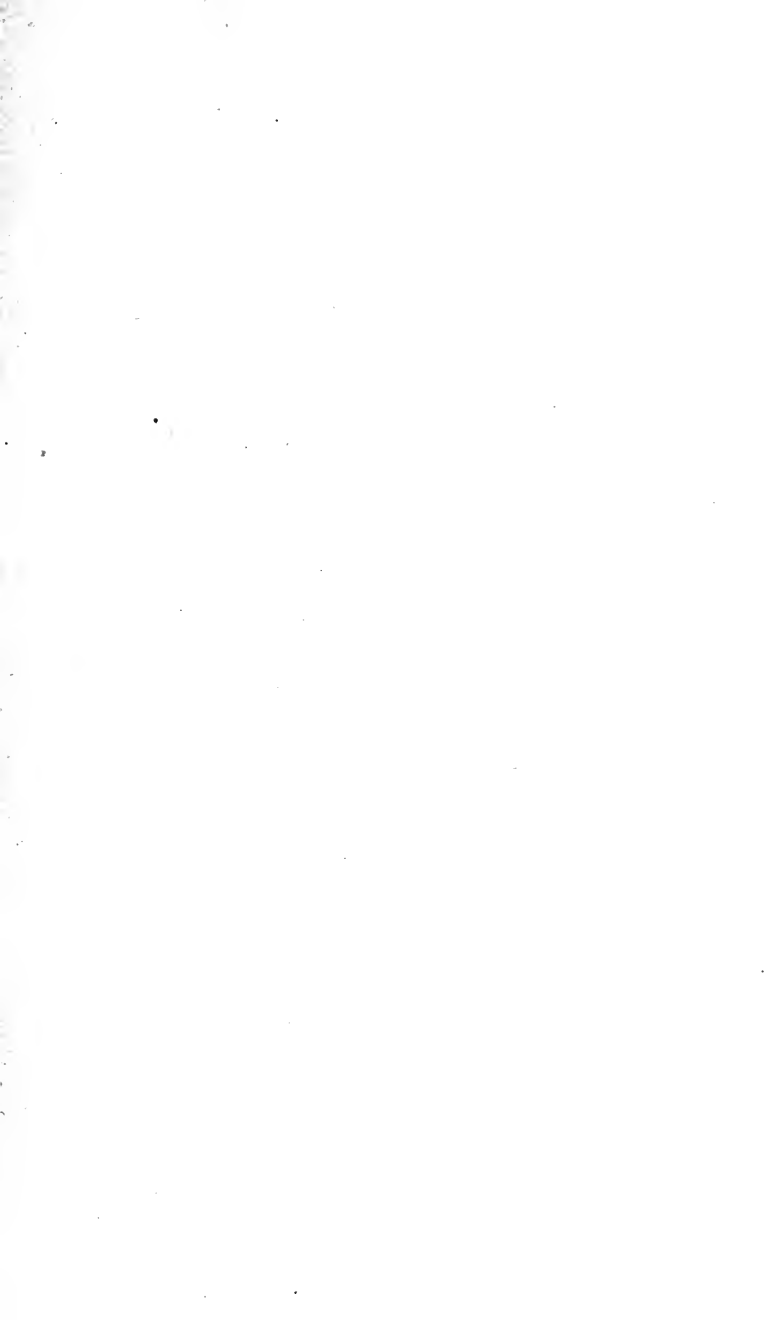
† Good reader, a great number of the three B.'s of the nineteenth century I encountered in *England*, as well as in other lands.

*selves* if I state aught but the *truth*. I feel convinced that every mother will thank me for writing this book ; for it will be a warning to *young, volatile* girls, as well as unthinking women. I shall commence from my landing in America, a very young woman, and a stranger. I shall occasionally give a portion of my diary as I wrote it at that time. My book will contain five hundred pages. I shall show that when friends proved false, how the GREAT and TRUE FRIEND to the afflicted never forsook me, and always answered me when I called upon him ; how He watched over me when I thought I was *forgotten*. Remember, all the evils that I shall state can be *put down*, if the *masses* take it upon *themselves* !

Although I am not what is termed a " Woman's Rights Woman," yet I am for my sex being protected in whatever they *undertake* to do *honestly* ; and I am sorry to add, that I will, in my next book, be able to give many incidents where *law* was *lawless* to women without a HUSBAND or a PROTECTOR.







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